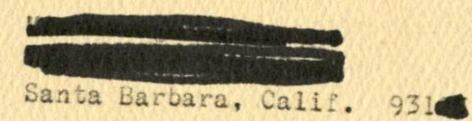
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara,
Calif.
Permit No. 534



[redacted]
Santa Barbara, Calif. 931[redacted]

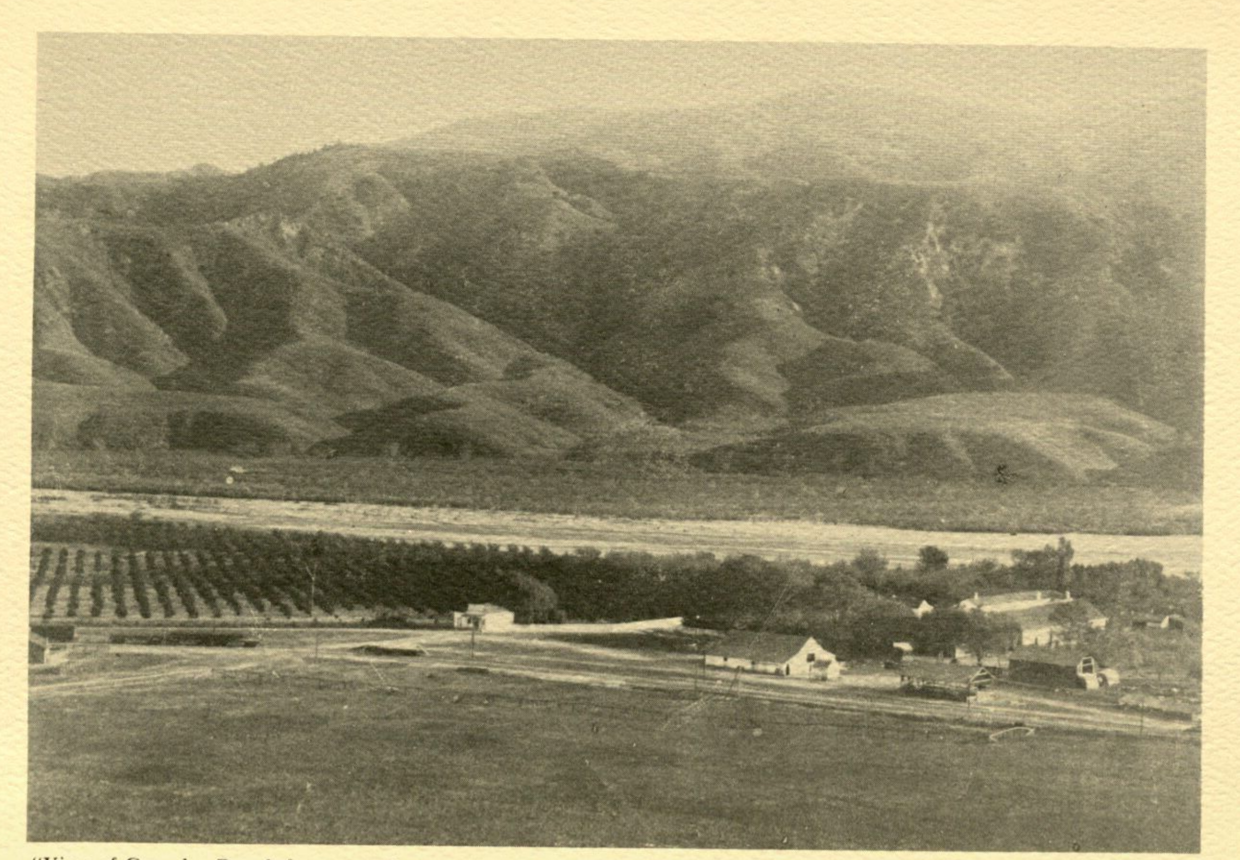
NOTICIAS

SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Helen Hunt Jackson, by A. Harmer Society of California Pioneers

Vol. XXVIII, No. 4 Winter, 1982



"View of Camulos Ranch from near Ramona's grave," by N.H. Reed — K. Marriott

HELEN HUNT JACKSON IN SANTA BARBARA

By Katheryn E. Marriott*

After Helen Hunt Jackson, best remembered as the author of *Ramona,* had visited the Santa Barbara Mission in 1882, she wrote:

> The mission buildings stand on high ground, three miles from the beach, west of the town and above it, looking to the sea. In the morning the sun's first rays flash full in its front, and at evening they linger late on its western wall. It is an inalienable benediction to the place. The longer one stops there the more he is aware of the influence on his soul, as well as of the importance in the landscape of the benign and stately edifice.

Mission Santa Barbara had cast its spell upon Mrs. Jackson, but she was not equally charmed by the town of Santa Barbara. To a friend she wrote, ". . . it is undistinguished apart from the Mission." Claiming that it was like "any one of a dozen New England towns," she went on to call it "stodgy," "smug," "correct," and "uninteresting." Was she comparing Santa Barbara with Amherst, her birthplace, where she had spent the early years of her life? Aside from the Mission, the only part of Santa Barbara that drew her favorable attention was Chinatown, which she found "fascinating" and which she joined for its celebration of the Chinese New Year.

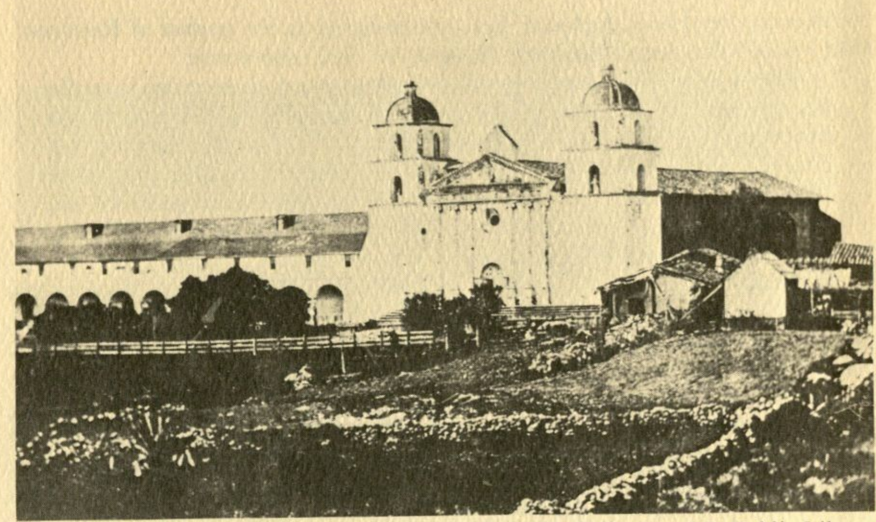
Helen Hunt Jackson was in Santa Barbara on two occasions, first in January and February of 1882 and again in May of the same year. About a year before her visits she had been asked by Century Magazine to write a series of articles on the Missions and Indians of California.

There is some uncertainty as to exactly when Mrs. Jackson's interest in Indians began, but by 1879, her concern was great enough for her to write *A Century of Dishonor* to call attention to the Federal Government's "wicked treatment of Indians." It was on the strength of this book and her involvement with the press over the Indian issue that Century employed her. What is certain is that Mrs. Jackson spent the last years of her life trying to improve the lot of California Indians, especially those who had been attached to the missions and who had been evicted from their lands when the missions were secularized.

Before leaving her home in Colorado Springs to go to California to undertake the Century assignment, Mrs. Jackson researched Indians and the California Missions in New York City's Astor Library. After her arrival in California, she enlisted the aid of Don Antonio Francisco de Coronel, owner of a picturesque ranch on what was then the outskirts of Los Angeles. Don Antonio and his wife were on friendly terms with the Indians and opened the way for Mrs. Jackson to visit the neighboring Indian villages and to gain the trust of those who lived on them.

Shortly after her arrival in Los Angeles, Mrs. Jackson had written to the Secretary of the Interior, Henry M. Teller, who was from Colorado and who was aware of her endeavors in behalf of the Indians. After describing

*Miss Marriott came to Santa Barbara in 1963 from the midwest. Since retiring from the English Division of SBCC in 1977, she has been spending some of her time in the local libraries, museums and used book stores, searching for subjects which permit her to combine her interests in literature, history and writing. She has been interested in the author for many years.



Santa Barbara Mission, 1882 E. Smith Collection, S.B. Public Library

what she had already seen of the plight of California Indians, she made Secretary Teller a proposition: If the United States Government would give her funds to pay for an interpreter and for part of her own expenses in the amount of $1,200, she would report to the Interior Department concerning (1) the present number of Indians and their living conditions, (2) the availability in Southern California of Government lands that could be used for homes for them, (3) the amount and cost of other lands that might be purchased for them in the absence of Government lands, and (4) the Indians' own feelings about being moved to reservations.

Secretary Teller accepted Mrs. Jackson's proposal and showed his appreciation of it by designating her Special Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Southern California. Her appointment became official on July 7, 1882, when it was approved by President Chester Arthur. At her request, Abbot Kinney, a Los Angeles rancher and businessman, whom she had won over to her cause, was named her Co-commissioner. They received their letters of authorization on January 12, 1883.

Although her appointment to what she termed "junketing female commissioner" did not come through officially until a few months after her visits to the missions north of Los Angeles, including Santa Barbara, the authority it gave her was retroactive. Her observations were recorded not only for the articles she had agreed to prepare for Century, but also for compliance with the four points she had outlined in her letter to the Secretary of the Interior.

Mrs. Jackson's information about Mission Santa Barbara was collected on her first visit, which lasted approximately five weeks from the last week in January to March 3, when she left for San Diego.

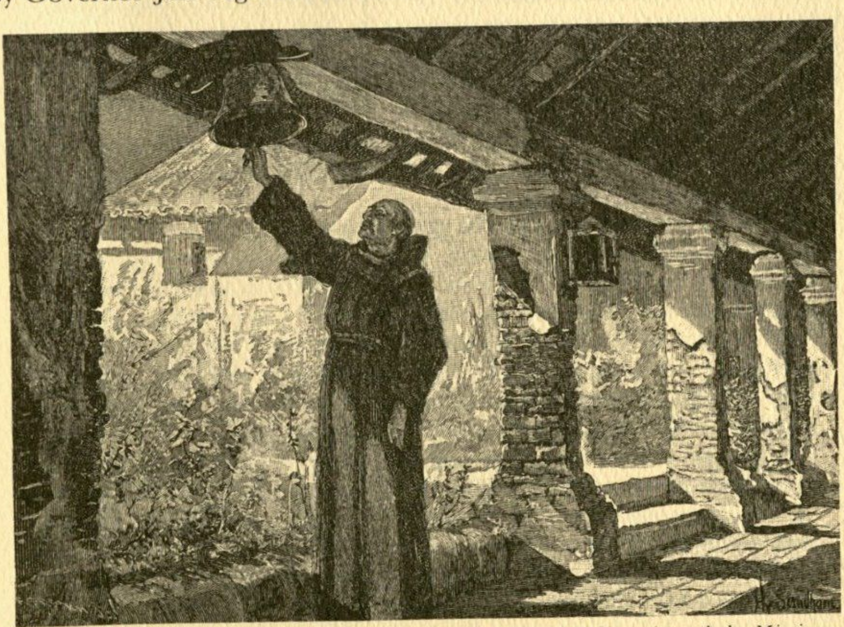
In May of that same year she returned with Abbot Kinney and Henry

Sandham, a Canadian-born artist from Boston whom Century had sent to do the illustrations for their articles. The three stayed but a few days, just long enough for Sandham to do his work. From Santa Barbara they went by carriage on a three-week journey to Monterey.

When Mrs. Jackson saw it, Mission Santa Barbara was the only mission still in the possession of the Franciscans, the founders, under the inspired leadership of Father Junípero Serra, of the California Missions.

Under Father Serra nine missions had been established starting with San Diego in 1769 and ending with San Buenaventura in 1782. Santa Barbara, for whom the cross was raised by Padre Fermin Francisco de Lasuén on the feast of Saint Barbara on December 4, 1786, was the first of the ten missions built between 1786 and 1804. Padre Antonio Paterna, a companion of the venerable Serra, who had died two years before, was put in charge of the church and of the lands and Indians under its control.

In their golden age the California missions were virtually self-sustaining communities comprised of enormous tracts of land used for the cultivation of grains and fruits, for the herding of cattle, sheep and horses, and, after 1820, for the quartering of troops. In the nineteen missions there were over 20,000 Indians. The highest number to live at Santa Barbara was slightly under 1,800 in 1792. With increasing conflict between Church and State over the control of the wealth of the missions, the number of Indians dwindled. By 1836, there were fewer than 500 at Mission Santa Barbara. When Mrs. Jackson arrived to report on the treatment of the Mission Indians, she found only the few who had stayed after their "emancipation" by Governor José Figueroa in 1833.



At Santa Barbara Mission, by H. Sandham *Glimpses of California and the Missions*

In 1834, the same governor acting on his own authority, issued the Edict of Secularization under the provisions of which all church property was to be turned over to the State. Plunder and ruin of the missions and demoralization and further dispersion of the Indians resulted. Administrators were appointed to provide for the support of the clergy and the Indians, but their efforts, if any, were largely ignored. The Edict was the beginning of the end for the Missions and for Father Serra's dream.

Governor Micheltorena in 1843 returned the missions to the Franciscans; for this attempt at justice he was put out of office. His successor, Pio Pico, ended the mission system. In 1846, the missions were declared bankrupt and were put up for sale.

At Santa Barbara the church and some other "sacred property," such as the cemetery, were excluded when the rest of the mission holdings were confiscated in 1845 and rented to Nicholas A. Den and Daniel Hill for nine years. Finally, on June 10, 1846, the mission was sold to Richard S. Den. Provisions were made for the remaining Indians, who were to be allowed to "continue to cultivate mission lands of their choice." Only "abandoned land" was to be used by the new owner, who was to guarantee that the church could conduct its divine services and missionary activities. This arrangement continued until March 18, 1865, when President Abraham Lincoln returned to the Church Santa Barbara Mission with about 283 acres of land surrounding it. It had taken the United States Government nearly twenty years after the Mexican War to arrive at a final decision as to proper disposition of all titles to mission lands. Actually, great tracts of land were never returned since the Church received only the buildings and whatever property was adjacent to them. By 1865, many of the missions had fallen into ruin, and the achievements of the Franciscans in California had been reduced to a few crumbling columns and lonely graves.

At the time of Mrs. Jackson's visit to it in 1882, Mission Santa Barbara was being operated as a "college for apostolic and missionary work." Only eight members of the Franciscan Order were then living within its walls: five priests and three lay brothers.

One of the eight Mrs. Jackson described as being:

> very old, a friar of the ancient regime; his benevolent face is well known throughout the country, and there are in many a town and remote hamlet men and women who wait always for his coming before they will make a confession. He is like Saint Francis' first followers: the obligations of poverty and charity still hold him to the literal fullness of the original bond. He gives away garment after garment, leaving himself without protection against cold; and the brothers are forced to lock up and hide from him all provisions, or he would leave the house bare of food. He often kneels from midnight to dawn on the stone floor of the church, praying and chanting psalms; and when a terrible epidemic of smallpox broke out some years ago, he labored day and night, nursing the worst victims of it, shriving them, and burying them with his own hands. He is past eighty and has not much longer to stay. He has outlived many things beside his own prime: the day of the sort of faith and work to which his spirit is

attuned has passed by forever.

The religious, who made such a deep impression upon her was Padre Francisco de Jesus, who had come to Santa Barbara in 1842. From that date until his death, although he did serve briefly in other missions, his home base was Mission Santa Barbara. He died in 1884, two years after Mrs. Jackson's visit. He was 71 years of age. He is entombed in the cemetery behind the Mission.

Father Salvierderra in *Ramona* bears a recognizable resemblance to Padre Francisco de Jesus Sanchez, whose devotion had so moved the novel's author when she paid her respects to what remained, nearly a century after its founding, of a community which had once been dedicated to the service of God and maintained not only by the prayers of the Franciscans but also by the labors of the California Indians.

Mrs. Jackson was depressed by the conditions of the California missions when she made the arduous journey to report about them a hundred years ago. To her it was as if the bell had tolled for the whole era, but she was premature, at least in her prediction into oblivion for Mission Santa Barbara. The Queen of the Missions is still standing on high ground overlooking the sea, catching the sun's rays morning and evening and blessing all who come to experience the effect of her stately beauty upon their souls.

REFERENCES

Banning, Evelyn I. *Helen Hunt Jackson*. N.Y.:Vanguard Press, 1973.

Davis, Carlyle Channing and Alderson, William A. *The True Story of Ramona*. N.Y.: Dodge Publishing Co., 1914.

Geiger, Maynard. *The Indians of Mission Santa Barbara*. Santa Barbara: Franciscan Fathers, 1960.

Jackson, Helen Hunt, *Ramona*. N.Y.: Grosset and Dunlap, 1973 printing.

Jackson, Helen Hunt. *Glimpses of California and the Missions*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1903.

James, George Wharton. *Through Ramona's Country*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1909.

NOTES ON HELEN HUNT JACKSON

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Santa Barbarans should be particularly interested in Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, because the Camulos Rancho of Juventino and Susana del Valle, which formed the background for her novel, is in Ventura County. Ventura was then a "young county," having severed itself from Santa Barbara County in 1872. The Camulos Ranch is now a county landmark, but not open to the public.

After staying overnight at the San Fernando Mission, then in custody of Andrés Pico, on January 23, 1882, she stopped at the ranch on her way in a carriage to Santa Barbara to study the condition of the Indians. She had intended to visit at Camulos Rancho longer, but Mrs. del Valle had been called away from home, so she was there only about two hours.

This Land Was Ours states that Mrs. Jackson did not have the story of *Ramona* in mind when she visited the Camulos Rancho—the idea came to her in October, about nine months after her California tour, when she was in Colorado Springs. Nevertheless, her observant eye had caught many of the features of the place as she was shown about it for two hours in January, and some characters may have been adapted for the novel.

She was really there to study the life of the Indians for her *Century Magazine* articles. As she wrote the novel in a New York hotel room late in 1883, she regretted that she had not made notes of the many interesting facts Californians had disclosed in her travels in the southland. She must have had a retentive mind, for she very accurately described many ranch details in the story, according to critics.

Since she came here late in January during the winter tourist season, there were no good rooms obtainable at the Arlington Hotel, and she was compelled to seek shelter at a "loathed boarding house," she wrote. Her arrival was not recorded in the Press, since she was not at one of the larger hotels, but a visitor from Indianapolis wrote to his home town paper that Mrs. Jackson was here writing up the California missions for *Century Magazine*. A note in the Press February 14, 1882, said that she would leave in a few days. She sailed on the "Orizaba" for San Diego.

While she was here, she found time to visit the Ellwood Cooper ranch on February 1, which she said was called the most beautiful ranch in California. In *Glimpses of Three Coasts* she enumerated the acreage devoted to grain, nuts, fruit and olive trees, and described the canyons and eucalyptus-protected fields, and finally the process of manufacturing olive oil there.

She was taken to a higher elevation on the Cooper ranch, where she observed appreciately the colorful landscape effects of fruit and olive orchards, grain fields and the Pacific beyond. She also commented on the effect of California's salubrious climate on its inhabitants:

> In observing the industries of South California and studying their history, one never escapes from an undercurrent of wonder, that there should be any industries or industry there. No winter to be prepared for; no fixed time at which anything must be done or not done at all; the air sunny, palmy, dreamy, seductive, making the mere being alive in it a pleasure; all sorts of fruits and grains growing a-riot, and

taking care of themselves—it is easy to understand the character or to speak more accurately, the lack of character, of the old Mexican and Spanish Californians.

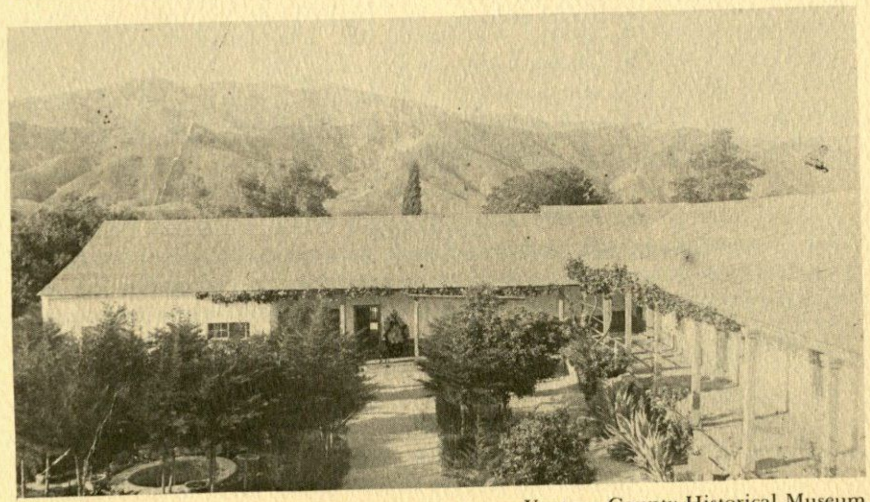
An item in the *Santa Barbara Press* May 15, 1882, stated that Mrs. Jackson and a party consisting of her husband, W.S. Jackson, Abbot Kinney of San Gabriel, and Henry Sandham, a special artist in the employ of *Century Magazine*, arrived on the steamer "Los Angeles." Mr. Sandham was to "make sketches of the canyons, ranches, and whatever else may please the fancy of the artist and the author." They visited Ellwood Cooper's ranch again and then completed their work here before continuing northward overland with Mr. Kinney as guide.

Residents did not lionize Mrs. Jackson, apparently. She had written some verse, children's stories and recently *A Century of Dishonor* regarding the plight of American Indians, but it had not been received very enthusiastically.

She began writing *Ramona* in December, 1883, and it was published in 1884. There are many assertions regarding the "model" for the heroine, Ramona. *This Land Was Ours* says the character was composed partly from "Camulos folklore" she heard on her visit to the ranch.

Not long after *Ramona* was published, Mrs. Jackson became ill and died August 12, 1885, in San Francisco. There have been several editions of her book, and an outdoor pageant, "Ramona," has been produced in Hemet for a number of years.

Henry Sandham sketched many interesting artifacts on the Camulos Rancho which illustrate an edition of *Ramona* published in 1900. Among them was a bell which had a curious history: In November, 1923, the Morning Press stated that the secret of "the old brass church bell that has been hanging for 62 years . . . at Camulos, the famed home of Ramona," had been discovered. It had been suspended on a frame, exposed to the



Del Valle home, Rancho Camulos — Ventura County Historical Museum

weather and used as a dinner bell to summon ranch laborers to meals.

Mrs. Alice Harriman, a collector of bells, had noted an unusual inscription on it, and solicited the aid of Dr. Herbert Bolton, historian, the Reverend A.P. Casheveroff, curator of the Alaskan Historical Society Museum, and Dr. Alexis Hall of Los Angeles, a student of forgotten languages.

The inscription in an obsolete Slavonic church language disclosed that the bell had been cast on the island of Kodiac, off Alaska in 1796. Alexander Baranoff, the church warden, had been one of the men helping to secure copper for it from Russia. When he changed his headquarters from Kodiak to Sitka in 1805, he took the bell with him. Then Count Nicolai Rezanov took the bell to trade for food with Hispanic Californians when the Russian Alaskan colonists faced starvation.

At the San Fernando Mission, the Franciscan friars in charge of the California chain of missions hammered a crude cross, and the inscription *"de Sn Ferno"* on the bell above the Russian inscription—an abbreviation of "of San Fernando." In the uncertain times following Mission secularization under Mexican rule, the bell was taken from its mission belfry and hidden on the Del Valle ranch, and finally hung there. At one time a vandal had whitewashed it, covering the brass, and making the inscription less readable until rains again exposed the warm glow of the metal.

There were several close ties between the Camulos Rancho dwellers and Santa Barbarans, for the Del Valle family had friends and relatives here.

The ranch photograph on the inside cover is by N.H. Reed, a local photographer who was particularly active in the 1890s, taking pictures of our floral parades and California scenes.

Alexander F. Harmer, to whom is attributed the cover portrait of Helen Hunt Jackson, was related by marriage to W.S. Jackson. The noted artist was interested in Indians before he came to Santa Barbara and painted his charming scenes of Spanish California life. *This Land Was Ours* states that Harmer sketched many Camulos scenes in 1887, which was after Mrs. Jackson's death. and one questions if he did not sketch her portrait from a photograph. This sketch appeared in a photo album, Lares de Ramona, published in 1888 by A. Frank Randall.

REFERENCES

Jackson, Helen Hunt, *Glimpses of Three Coasts*, Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1886.

Jackson, Helen Hunt. *Ramona*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1930.

Smith, Wallace E. *This Land Was Ours*, edited by Grant W. Heil. Ventura: Ventura County Historical Society, 1977.

Santa Barbara Daily Press. February 14, 1882; May 15, 1882; November 4, 1923.

THE BUBBLE MAN

By Henry G. Kleine

Santa Barbara's "Bubble Man," who was something of a "mystery man," 73-year-old Leon "Cap" Hutchins died suddenly of a heart attack, it was reported by the coroner's office. He lived in a cabin at 118 1/2 West De la Guerra Street, and when discovered he had $60 in cash and a war ration book on his person.

He was born in Auburn, Me., August 21, 1870. He apparently had no living relatives. His ideal for living was . . . "To make children happy," he would tell the curious.

Accordingly, he stood on street corners in the business section and tossed his iridescent bubbles into the air while youngsters and adults crowded around him. A favorite spot for many years was the West Beach where he unofficially became a part of the beach recreation program.

He was constantly striving to perfect his bubble pipe and the soap solution from which his bubbles were made. At one time he offered the manufacturing rights of the pipe to the Westside Boys' Club . . .

His few possessions included a well-stocked tool box, books, a radio and three clocks set on Tokyo, Moscow and London times . . .

——*Santa Barbara News-Press,* Aug. 1, 1943.

My sister was the only mourner at the service for the deceased. I would have attended except for being elsewhere with the Navy. I was saddened to learn of the Bubble Man's death and the dearth of people at the brief service. For over twenty-eight years he provided flights of fancy and pleasure for countless children with his kites, toys and bubbles. Over the years he became a traditional personality in the city—especially for children on the West Beach. Our family's point of view was more intimate, since he lived with us upon his arrival in Santa Barbara. I well remember his character, personality, his remarkable mind, although his background remained private until the end. His joys and humor, along with the tragedies in his life, touched all of us who knew him.

The Bubble Man arrived at my parents' little rooming house about 1915. On the West Beach, it was above Kleine's Confectionary, which my father had modernized by installing a modern soda fountain. He designed tables, chairs and booths, and expanded the choice of soft drinks to include milk shakes, malteds, ice cream sodas, sundaes and banana splits. Father had to borrow five dollars in small change in order to begin his first day's business. Even earlier it had already become the hub of the social scene for beach-going Santa Barbarans. Milo Potter, owner of the great Potter Hotel, often recommended that his guests partake of Mother's superb coffee and pastries. Business boomed, and it was in this environment that Leon Hutchins came to enjoy his lengthy stay with us.

Mother's rooming house upstairs in the 300 block of West Cabrillo Boulevard consisted of seven rooms for rentals. She charged the Bubble Man, according to her bookkeeping journal, an uninflated three dollars a week. (She never raised it.) The nearby luxurious, six-hundred-room Potter Hotel and Mr. Potter were unconcerned with Mother's competition. During her years of operation, her rooms sheltered musicians, wrestlers, gardeners, swimming instructors, streetcar operators, lifeguards, beach cleaners, a swami (fake), cooks, fishermen and gypsies on vacation. They brought backgrounds of Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Irish and other countries. Some were loved; others merely tolerated.

The Bubble Man, or "Cap" as he was then known, became nearly family.



Kleine's Confectionery Henry Kleine

A loner and a taciturn man with an inquiring mind, he seemed steeped in the privacy of his thoughts. Some people considered him a stoic, dwelling in the ego-sphere of his own interests. But his creative mind soared in ranges of inventive and intellectual projects of his unique interests. He had little concern for day-to-day affairs of others, but a child could wrench him from his dreams and charm him back to reality in seconds. The thrust of his life happened to be children: their interests.

Cap, tall, over six feet, with rosy cheeks, had hard muscles and a darkly tanned skin from his work on the beach. His sparse, sandy hair parted on the side stayed neatly combed. With a military-type carriage and twinkling blue eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses, he seemed always quietly amused by some private pleasure. He happily shared a multitude of toys with youngsters. There were model automobiles and airplanes, spinning tops of all sizes, dolls, kites with parachutes, and bubbles. Actually a gentle child, he'd simply grown larger. I often wondered (later) what curious circumstances had led to the postponement of his own childhood. What dark and throttling conditions had delayed it, clouding his years?

Cap worked mornings as Santa Barbara's first beach cleaner, appropriately wearing a uniform of white starched duck trousers and a white shirt so thin he tanned right through it. A naval officer's hat lent him an air of authority and provided his nickname of "Cap." With afternoons free, he donned a large straw hat and white shorts (wearing a bathing suit beneath). Carrying his box of current toys, kites and whatever, he was ready to entertain his eager "children."

Cap was a beautiful swimmer. After the children's hours were over, he would take his swim with members of Major Bittle's "Kelp Klub," a loosely organized group of long-distance swimming enthusiasts. Often "Bum," the one-time famous itinerant, bus-riding airedale of West Beach, accompanied Cap on his swims. They were kindred souls in independence; each understood the other's need for privacy and the room for utilizing it.

Cap always "dressed for dinner" in 1920 days. He wore a fashionably-cut grey flannel suit and vest with a matching Homburg hat. His appearance suggested a comfortable wealth. Actually, he had little to live on, and it was of no concern to him. For the evening meal he boarded one of the uptown streetcars which were of behemoth size, manned by a motorman and a conductor. They transported him to reasonably priced restaurants such as the Texas Lunch or Shorty's. After dinner he might view a silent movie at the Mission, Palace, Portola, or the "new" California, which boasted a pipe organ. Situated on West Canon Perdido Street, it was across from Diehl's bakery shop, whence the baking bread and pastries gave forth delectable fragrances. Cap would not attend a movie that starred children, and was negatively vocal about child exploitation, and their being robbed of childhood. He was more comfortable with his West Beach youngsters.

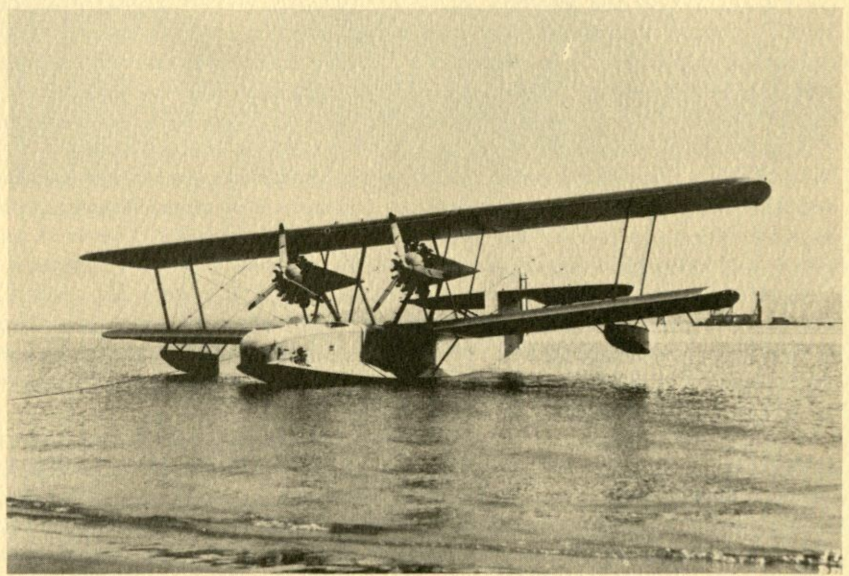
As a beach-cleaner, he built a box-like, large-screened contraption which he dragged through the sand. Shaking the sand through it as he went, it separated seaweed, sticks and flotsam washed in by tides. Naturally, he kept an observant eye out for lost items of coins or jewelry. The work was slow and laborious. Designing and drawing plans for a mechanized, tractor-type sand cleaner, he submitted it to the city for possible construction. He was turned down. Such an innovation was too far ahead of his time. Somewhat embittered and disappointed after the detailed plans and the work involved in them, he was resigned to return to his hard, part-time job on the beach.

During the winter of 1919, a strong southeast wind preluded a storm whipping in from the sea. Though rain had not yet fallen, the gale blasted at the ocean's whitecaps, moving them into great, gray-green swells which broke over the end of Stearns' Wharf. Slamming onto the beach and sea wall, the monstrous breakers shot sheets of water and spray as high as the palm trees. Wind-blown, brown leaves of kelp flew across the street, spewing them against our storefront windows where they slithered down the wet, blurred windows to skid again along the slippery sidewalk.

Cap had acquired a canoe during the preceding summer. Painting it dead-white, he also installed two five-gallon cans, one in the bow, the other in the stern. He believed they would provide buoyancy and balance, and make the canoe unsinkable. (He had hopes that lifeguards would have practical use for it during summer rescues.) On this stormy day, it was in its customary storage place behind the store in the backyard. Its test of seaworthiness would be tried this day—ending tragically.

The famous Loughead (later Lockheed) brothers' seaplane, the "F1," was parked on a wooden ramp across the street on the beach. Tied down, its engines protected by tarp, the seaplane was secured with extra lines from the approaching storm. It squatted there serenely like an out-sized,

grounded brown pelican. Meanwhile, with my father presiding, Allan and Malcolm Loughead were about to begin their pinocle game in the warmth of the ice cream store. Two young aero-mechanics employed by the Lougheads stood peering out of the steamy windows at the stormy seascape. As cards were shuffled, someone at the pinocle table mentioned what a "challenge" that small boat would have "against those rough swells"—Could it have been a bet, dare, or a "challenge"? The two mechanics whispered together, then went quickly to the door. Forcing it open against the wind, they eased themselves out and disappeared around the building. The thick glass door nearly shattered as a blast of cold, wet wind swept into the store. Double stabs of turquoise lightning knifed out from the low black clouds; immediately crackling peals of thunder rolled overhead. It grew darker and the rain splattered down in torrents, blowing against our front windows. The pinocole game resumed.



Lougheed plane at West Beach S.B. Historical Society

It was my sister who first spotted Cap's white canoe. "Cap wouldn't be going out today, would he, Mother?" Mother replied that Cap was reading in his room. Hearing this, Father left the game to come to stand beside us, looking out. We watched the distant figures desperately trying to paddle the bucking canoe through the high, foamy waves. My father, turning to the Lougheads, said, "Those crazy kids!" The game broke up as the men came also to watch. All spoke at once: "They don't know the sea." "Where do they think they're going?" "That's Cap's canoe! I'll bet Cap doesn't know they have it."

Sending me upstairs for Cap, Pop pushed open the front door for me and I dashed through the rain to the door of the stairway leading to the rooms above. Cap's little room was snug, warmed by a kerosene heater while the



Allan and Malcolm Lougheed S.B. Historical Society

rain flew wildly by his window. I told him Pop wanted to see him. Without a word we went below. As Father related what was happening, Cap was silent, dolefully staring out at the canoeists who were now out beyond the "pleasure pier." Cap puffed faster and faster on his pipe. Nothing could be done; there was no coast guard to send out. The young men paddled furiously, having to continue directly into the huge swells and waves—or broach. Disappearing between swells, they'd reappear briefly, then be gone again. Squally rain darkened the shrouded sky, now hiding them completely. Cap, hands in pockets, drew furiously on his unlit pipe; his dark face reflected the worry of his thoughts—ever private.

Engrossed with our thoughts and the drama displayed before us, no one spoke. Our silence enhanced the noise of the storm as we watched with horror and fascination the raging sea's turbulence. We were helpless in tortuous frustration, shouting out as we caught a dim, transitory glimpse of boat and men. The "challenge" or impetuous impulse of these young men had attracted excitement, resulting in this foolhardy act of recklessness. Anguish and tragedy were to be borne by the young men's parents who arrived after a telephone call from Allan Loughead. It would last forever in their hearts. When night came, they departed, as did all hope.

With the passing of the storm the next day, Cap's canoe was found near Stearns' Wharf—intact except for a broken paddle lodged between the bow five-gallon tin, and the ribs of the canoe. Not a trace of the young men was ever found. Cap's grief was with the families, blaming himself indirectly for not locking the canoe with chain and lock. Cap never again took his canoe to sea.

Like old and incomplete film-clips, my memory returns to the many times Father and Cap had hurried across to the beach to tie down the old Loughead seaplane with extra lines when the weather deteriorated. Often Father was hot and tired from his hard work in our store. But friends were friends, and the Lougheads and Father were close. I was about eight when the Lougheads invited Father and me to fly with them in the old "F1." Though the flight lasted only fifteen or twenty minutes in all, Mother was worried and angry at all of us.

My father's health deteriorated. His colds became chronic, finally developing into double pneumonia. Later he lapsed into the frightening and debilitating symptoms of tuberculosis. Trips in and out of sanitariums for a number of years sapped the profits so dearly earned in the preceding years. He never recovered, and the end came for him at his sister's home in Los Olivos in 1923.

In the trying times of Mother's widowhood, Cap became a protective buffer on her behalf. Vigilant of intruders among customers and roomers, he was an ever-present protector in the background. He took to performing his own housekeeping. Mother, appreciative of this and his thoughtfulness and neatness, allowed him the privilege of "cooking a little" in his room. Cap fitted out a one-ring gas burner on which to cook an egg and fix tea. He made friends with a Southern Pacific train guard-switchman. In those days they were stationed in tiny brown and yellow, one-room houses along the train tracks. Out of boredom, these men cultivated gardens of flowers and vegetables in small plots next to the tracks. This particular friend was no gardener, so Cap took over the garden of a predecessor of his friend. He grew beans, tomatoes, corn and potatoes. To bake potatoes, Cap simply buried them in the sand on the beach and built a bonfire over them, Chumash style. During the Depression of the twenties and later, in the Great Depression, the little garden became a godsend as Cap's finances dwindled.

Mother somehow retained her sense of humor as she played her little pranks on her favorite roomers, Cap being one of them. He sometimes found (with his feet) a bristly brush or a feather duster between the sheets at the foot of his bed. Once, on an April Fool's Day, she removed the whipped cream from a chocolate eclair, refilling it with cotton, and presented it to Cap with his afternoon coffee. A gruff chuckle would begin deep within him, surfacing his laughter until it became an infectious, full-blown belly-laugh.

Before the Potter Hotel burned, my mother, Cap, my sister and I frequently walked through the expansive grounds of the hotel as a short cut to the Southern Pacific Depot. Mother mailed her letters directly on the mail car of the nine p.m. train to San Francisco. I well remember being duly impressed with the gently curving driveways leading up to the beautiful entrance and lobby. We mounted the steps to the broad veranda where we could look into the dining room, aglitter with chandeliers, spotless white linen, flowers on the tables. Diners were served by dainty waitresses in black dresses with starched white aprons, cuffs, collars and caps. We munched guavas we'd helped ourselves to from the bushes along

the driveway as we watched the opulent diners enjoying their Chateaubriands.

Continuing on to the depot, we passed to the east side of the hotel, hearing the clatter of dishes and silverware being washed in the scullery. We passed the tennis courts to the northeast, and were at the end of the lovely, lighted sycamore strollway. Under the sign, "Potter Hotel," spelled out in tiny light bulbs, we emerged at the darkened depot. Away from the bright lights and the sign, the evening stars became visible again as we waited for the train. Cap pointed out the prominent ones and their constellations shining so spectacularly. He seemed to us to know something of everything on earth and in the universe.

On April 13, 1921, the Potter Hotel burned. Our family and Cap, of course, watched the dreadful fire from our upstairs back porch. A frightening wind of nearly hurricane proportions fanned the early afternoon blaze into a raging inferno. Smoke poured from the cupolas where flags were flown in honor of famous guests vacationing there. Emblems and firebrands flew in all directions, threatening everything flammable. Cap, fearful that the wind would blow sparks on our roof, climbed up with the garden hose at the ready. Luckily, the wind switched directions, but Stearns' Wharf caught fire twice. Even fishermen, anchored nearby, weighed anchor and put out to sea. After a spectacular night view of the hotel's holocaust, the morning showed nothing left except a huge brick chimney among the still-smoking wreckage. An era of hotel opulence had vanished overnight.

About this time, Cap became interested in kites. He put together a few small ones of tissue paper with rag tails. These soon bored him. Utilizing his own designs of enlarged concepts, he experimented with four-pointers and box kites without tails. Despite failures, and having to swim out to retrieve them, he persisted in his interests. Using strong, resilient wood and brightly colored linen cloth, he designed them to withstand strong winds and high altitudes. He flew them with the aid of a large fishing reel, playing out the line until the kite was out of sight. Cap's afternoon kite flying drew crowds of youngsters and adults.

A new boy arrived to live nearby on Mason Street, across from Pershing Park. (The little frame house is still there.) I was delighted to have a male playmate, a respite from playing dolls with my sister and her kittens. The newcomer and I were friends—for a while. Johnny was small, wiry and feisty. He had a nimble wit which he sprinkled with numerous expletives. The latter didn't bother me as much as his deviousness and aggressive, selfish nature; he soon became a sour irritant intruding into my life. We often resorted to fistfights, but "made up" the next day. One of our many fights erupted on the day Cap flew, for the first time, his gigantic, blue and white box kite.

Scores of children were gathered around Cap as he let out the line. Cap allowed the children to "feel the pull" on the twine of his high-flying joy. He straddled his wooden box with its attached reel, and "sent messages" up to the kite via paper or cloth parachutes. By some method the little 'chutes were released to float down gently, usually dropping into the surf. Pelicans

and seagulls swooped in immediately to inspect them for a morsel of food, then wheeled off, tipping their wings.

Johnny and I were in the group watching. Suddenly Johnny grabbed the kite's line, and sliding his hand along it, ran down the beach. The big kite went into spirals of drunken loops . . . then with great speed it crashed into the ocean. I was shocked! Why would Johnny do such a thing? I chased after him. He was far down the beach on his knees in the dry sand, beating it with his fists and laughing uproariously. I pulled him up and swung on him and his crooked mirth, hitting him on the nose. He fell face down in the dry sand which stuck to his bloodied nose and caked there. Furious, bursting into tears of rage and frustration, he yelled, swearing at me as he had done many times before. Other children arrived, but Johnny had scrambled to his feet and run off shouting his profanities. Self-satisfaction replaced my wrath. Perhaps, I thought, I had taught Johnny to respect Cap, his kite and his parachutes. But Cap was gone, swimming out once more to rescue his kite. He never referred to the incident, nor complimented me.

Cap's protectiveness was demonstrated during the terrifying experience of the 1925 earthquake, June 29. My sister and I were in totally frightened ignorance of temblors. Mother, having experienced the quake and fire in San Francisco, knew exactly what was happening. Rumblings, shudderings and the creaking of timbers upset my thinking processes. A pair of giant hands had grasped and was shaking the house with maniacal violence. A nightmare? Mother shouted that we must get out of the house. Leaving our rooms about the same time as the few roomers, we filed down the staircase 'mid falling plaster that morning. Cap brought up the rear, mumbling to himself. We hurried across the street, but Cap paused to light his pipe. With every aftershock we watched fascinated as our store swayed and squeaked; the palm trees on the boulevard quivered eerily.

Other families living nearby joined us. Everyone chattered excitedly, exchanging experiences and emotions. A streetcar had stalled as it rounded the corner of the boulevard and Castillo Street. Its operator had looked back up Castillo when the power went off, with the car rattling to a stop. He saw blue electricity arcing as the Edison Power building fell into the street. Cap, without a word, re-entered the house. Our conversations went on: "Tidal wave? Fire? Broken water mains? Telephones? Is that a water spout out by the kelp line?"

Cap, meanwhile, returned carrying mother's big, galvanized washtub and pots and pans which he filled from a faucet. When he came to join us, reporting on the condition of the rooming house, he told us there were no lights, telephone, or gas, and plenty of broken dishes and plaster down. His having made the rounds of all the rooms somewhat allayed Mother's fears. His voice was one of reason and rationality, and its effect was calming.

Mother decided we should sleep outdoors near our vegetable garden behind the store. Ten days were so spent, in some fear, but mostly discomfort. It became almost festive at times—after the shocks stopped. We ate our warm-cold food to the accompaniment of the little portable Victrola, sometimes singing along with it. Meanwhile, Cap remained

alone in the rooming house "to guard it" and watch over us form the upstairs back porch.

Later, another one of Cap's interests emerged: blowing bubbles. This provided him his last modest fame. There might possibly have been a symbolism: his (private) hopes were bubbles—but they burst all too soon. He wanted bubbles to be more iridescent, light enough to float in the breezes with durability. Becoming a challenge for him, he realized that research was needed, and experimentation, and he proceeded as scientifically as he knew how.

Collecting small bottles, he put his various solutions in them, labeling them according to the recipe of the solution. He analyzed them, noting them in his record book, until he hit upon one that filled most of his requirements. Finding fault with the pipe (the ill-tasting soap inadvertently lodged in one's mouth), he began working on a trigger-designed mechanism which sucked up the solution. By means of a spring release, the bubbles emerged with force enough to be full-blown and air-borne. Basically, it was a sort of miniature pump which enhanced and sustained the enchantment of blowing bubbles, and their flights of fancy for children. His own satisfaction was again personal; he had set out and accomplished what he intended—for the children.

He later offered the manufacturing rights of his "pipe" to the Westside Boys' Club, believing it might have commercial value which might be beneficial. No one seems to know what happened to the offer. In the downtown business district he found interesting wind drafts among street corners and tall buildings. His bubbles soared and floated up two or three stories, sometimes into open windows of offices, surprising a busy secretary with a moment of delight.

During the Depression, our big ice cream parlor became vacant. More hamburger and hot dog stands came into being on the beach front, and indication of the advent of changing public tastes: wider varieties of food, drinks and fast service. Mother decided to try again and opened the store, offering hamburgers and hot dogs and coffee and ice cream. With depression prices of hamburger and wieners at ten cents a pound, and coffee at thirty-five cents, her profits and cash flow were minimal. The big, old-fashioned confectionary stores were fast fading into oblivion. Repeal also had its effect. Mother kept trying, but it was with ebbing strength and dangerously high blood pressure taking their toll. Cap stayed on with us, as the only steady roomer.

About this time, during the Depression, I was lucky enough to obtain night work in a restaurant, and also embarked on a college career. A hectic existence of working crazy hours began for me, involving a struggle for financial and academic survival. With these concerns, I failed to fully recognize Mother's tensions, worries and ill health. The inevitable happened:

On a late afternoon in April of 1938, I returned home to find Cap leaning against the banister of the upstairs back porch. I joined him; neither of us spoke. He already knew—for he was silently crying. His glasses were fogged from brimming eyes. I hadn't a clue of how to approach or comfort

this private man, regardless of how long he was known to me; I wanted to touch him in sympathy, but even in these circumstances his reserve and privacy still dominated. His grief, and mine, was Mother's sudden, shocking death.

It came with a wrenching realization that no longer would Cap and I experience the familiar cooking sounds coming from Mother's small kitchen. No more mealtime activity among dishes, pots and pans. No more fragrances of soup cooking, cake baking and coffee brewing to waft in the hallway of the rooming house. These familiar, loving sounds and aromas returned in my imagination, magnified by their absence.

Our lives went on in unreality, sharing this monumental loss. Cap's door remained open as before, an invitation to chat and pass the time of day. He became more sedentary, spending much of his time studying Greek history and civilization—a passion with him. He still found time for blowing bubbles. Some college mates moved into a couple of rooms. With their busy comings and goings, the hubbub of their activities and my own rushed life, I at first hardly realized that Cap had moved, so quickly had it been accomplished.

Like a personal bereavement, the guilt returned to haunt me for neglecting him in his last years. I never saw his cabin on De la Guerra Street. It's gone now for business and parking. I know, though, just how it would have looked with all his current tools, toys and books. Perhaps his moving was a necessity—to sort out memories and perspectives of his life in Mother's rooming house, his days on the beach, and "his" children, now grown. I am glad that my sister attended the little service, officiated by an unknown man of the cloth, to bid Santa Barbara's friendly Bubble Man farewell. I wish I had been there.

RAMONA EAYRS BURKE TRUSSELL

Barbara Juarez Wilson of Escondido, a descendant of Peggy Stewart (Stuart), has sent a correction of the information regarding Ramona Eayrs mentioned in the Trussell-Winchester adobe article in the Summer, 1982 *Noticias.* It sheds light on the ancestry of several Southern California families. —— Ed.

1. The correct spelling of Ramona's name is **EAYRS** as evidenced by the signature of her grandfather, George Washington Eayrs.

2. Ramona's mother was Maria Eayrs, daughter of Captain George Washington Eayrs of the frigate "Mercury," and Peggy Stewart, daughter of George STEWART of Scotland (this is the spelling the family used according to all the family records I have checked) and Peggy of Tahiti, the daughter of Tipau, a Tahitian Chieftain.

Maria Eayrs was born aboard the "Mercury" at Bodega Bay.

3. George Stewart, of royal descent from both his parents, was aboard HMS "Bounty" at the time of the mutiny, but he took no part in the mutiny and therefore should not be called a mutineer. I quote from a letter sent me by A.J. Francis of the Ministry of Defence, London: ". . . of the men remaining in HMS 'Bounty' after Bligh's departure, he (sic George Stewart) was the one of a small number who had neither taken part in the mutiny nor were detained in the ship against their will . . . "

4. Maria Eayrs was baptized in San Diego 7 November 1813 (Entry #4069) about four months after the "Mercury" was captured as a contraband ship at Refugio Bay. Captain Eayrs, Peggy Stewart, and the five-month old Maria were placed under house arrest in San Diego for about two years.

Peggy Stewart was also baptized at San Diego on 4 May 1815 (Entry #4198). She received the baptismal name of Maria Antonia and her last name was **now** given the Spanish or phonetic spelling of STUART, or sometimes STUARD.

The Godparents of both mother and daughter were Jose Antonio De la Guerra and his wife Maria Antonia Carrillo.

Captain George Eayrs disappeared soon after but left "his girl" and baby daughter in the safe keeping of the De la Guerras who promised George they would care for them.

Peggy Stewart and daughter Maria Eayrs remained with the De la Guerras as their wards until Peggy, NOW KNOWN AS MARIA ANTONIA STUART, married Dona De la Guerra's cousin through the Carrillos, Secundino Olivera on 19 Oct. 1817 (Entry #101).

5. Many people are not aware that Peggy Stewart and Maria Antonia Stuart (Olivera) are one and the same person. She has left hundreds of descendants through her daughter, Maria Eayrs' five daughters who married into the Porter, Packard, Trussell, Harloe and Harkness families; and through her Olivera children who have left such names as Cota, de la Torre, Ayala, Lucchesi, Shorten, Juarez, Cordero and Wolfskill to name but a few.

Please let your readers know that the Peggy Stewart of royal descent mentioned in connection with the Trussell Adobe was more popularly known and listed as Maria Antonia Stuart, wife of Secundino Olivera.

6. Ramona was the **great** granddaughter of George Stewart and Peggy of Tahiti, thus:

I. George Stewart of HMS Bounty———Peggy of Tahiti, dau. of Tipau, Tahitian Chief.

II. Peggy Stewart, aka Maria Antonia Stuart———(1) George Washington Eayrs, Captain of the "Mercury"

III. Maria Eayrs later married Isaac J. Sparks———J. Burke

IV. Ramona Burke Eayrs———Horatio Gates Trussell



The Presidio painted by J.B. Alden

S.B. Historical Society

THE FURNISHINGS OF THE PRESIDIO CHAPEL OF SANTA BARBARA

By Norman Neuerburg*

The long-held dream of many, to restore the Presidio Chapel, seems now about to be realized. The cornerstone has been laid, the foundations are going in, and many of the adobe bricks for the walls have been manufactured. Thus many of the aspects of the building—the existence or non-existence of a bell-tower to name one which is still hotly debated, and the probable appearance of the interior—which have been the subject of scholarly speculation, must now be faced up to and decided upon.

Records concerning the presidio chapels were not as assiduously kept as those for the missions, and perhaps an even smaller proportion of those few has come down to us. However, we are not without information concerning the appearance of the interior of the chapel and its furnishings. The legend to the 1788 Goycoechea-Fages plan of the presidio[1] describes the chapel as being plastered and whitewashed, with its ceiling of beams and finished planks and adorned with painting.[2] Although the building was subsequently modified and partly rebuilt, it is probable that it continued to have the same sort of ceiling and was decorated in some manner. Fragments of painted decoration have been found in the presidio chapels both at Monterey and at San Diego where the decoration was executed by the commandant Zúñiga himself.

No later descriptions or inventories[3] of the chapel during the Spanish or Mexican periods have surfaced so far, but an inventory (of 1856?) of the contents of the chapel when it was being used for the new parish church has come down to us.[4] It lists a large number of objects which upon first reading might appear to have been in that chapel since the period of Spanish rule. However, a contemporary document[5] indicates that the majority of the objects were only on loan from the mission of Santa Barbara to the new parish church of Our Lady of Sorrows. A comparison between the two lists permits one to eliminate those objects appearing on both lists, and what remains are fairly surely those objects belonging to the Presidio Chapel itself, though, as will be seen, they cannot have composed the complete furnishings of the chapel when it was used by the military.

There was an altar table, presumably of wood, with an altar stone, three altar cards, and a missal stand. A platform stood in front of it. There was a water-gilded (wooden) niche, or shrine, by then in very bad shape, which had been dressed up with embroidered linen. Seven sculptures are listed, varying in height from one-half vara to a vara and a half.[6] They included Saint Joseph, Saint Barbara, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of the Rosary, Saint Anthony of Padua with the Christ Child, Saint Gertrude, and Saint Francis. There is no indication as to how they were arranged,

*Dr. Neuerburg is a native Californian and former resident of Santa Barbara. Recently retired as professor of art at California State University, Dominguez Hills, he is presently the Curator of Spanish Colonial Art at the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles. He is a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome, an authority on California Mission art and architecture, and acted as consultant for the design of the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu, California. He is a member of the Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library Board of Trustees as well as the Citizens Advisory Board of La Purisima Mission State Historic Park. An art historian, he is currently specializing in the art and architecture of the Spanish and Mexican periods in California.

though it is to be doubted that they were all on the main altar. Two small frameless paintings represented Saint John Nepomuk and the Blessed Leonard of Portomaurizio.[7] There was a set of small prints of the Stations of the Cross and each had its cross and its candle sconce. There were two large mirrors in gilded frames, two four-light chandeliers of copper, six candlesticks of silvered wood, five lanterns, one of them in the form of a cross, and a small carpet, probably for the platform in front of the altar.

In the sacristy there was a table with drawers, three large and three small, and a cupboard; this had a deerskin cover and there was also another loose table cover of oil cloth. The table had a separate platform in front. The only other pieces of furniture were a plain wooden bench, a confessional, a lectern, and a barrel organ. Other musical instruments were four violins, three flutes, and a bass viol. There were two medium-size bells and one cracked and useless small bell. The only vestments belonging to the chapel were a very old white damask cope and a red taffeta humeral veil with a matching red taffeta umbrella for the viaticum. A copy of the *New Testament* and a box with some gold and silver ornaments for the images completes the list.

It is obvious from the omissions that some objects must have disappeared during the period of disuse. Especially notable is the absence of a crucifix. The lack of sacred vessels and vestments can be explained by assuming that either these were always brought from the mission when the padre came to say Mass, or that they had been taken to the mission when the chapel was no longer regularly in use. The table with drawers in the sacristy suggests the latter explanation. Those objects that had remained were probably things not needed elsewhere.

Earlier documents concerning the chapel furnishings have not surfaced as yet except for the request sent to Mexico in 1794 for a statue of Saint Barbara.[8] The other statues and the paintings could have been gifts of the soldiers or the colonists. The only surviving objects in the list identified up to now are two bells and the figure of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (long misidentified as Saint Barbara) which is now in the collections of the Santa Barbara Historical Society. The fate of the other images and objects is not presently known. None appear in the 1855 inventory of the new church of Our Lady of Sorrows,[9] though they might have gone there subsequently, since the statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was found in the ruins of that church after the 1925 earthquake.[10] None seem to be identifiable among the pieces now at the mission. Some may have passed into private hands or were discarded. Perhaps, however, some pieces may still be around waiting to be identified.

The inventory, unfortunately, tells us nothing as to the possible arrangement of the images, though one can make some guesses. Certainly one of the images of the Virgin would have been in the center above the altar and probably in the gilded niche, flanked by two statues. Only the Saint Anthony and the Saint Gertrude were of the same height, but such aesthetic niceties of symmetry were not always observed. Saint Anthony makes a rather more logical pair with Saint Joseph. Some of the statues could have formed side altar groups (though there is no mention of side

altar tables), perhaps with paintings. In all probability the chapel originally had more paintings than the two on the list. The engravings of the Stations of the Cross would have been placed along the side walls. Painted wall decorations would have enhanced the interior: a dado along the lower part of the walls and possibly a painted reredos. The decoration could well have been inspired by that done in the mission church, and might even have been done by the same artisan or one of the other painters active in California at the time. Perhaps one of the soldiers might have been responsible for the execution, following the lead of the Tomás González who had decorated the church in its first phase.[11]

The statues could have stood on brackets or been in niches within the wall. The two mirrors in gilded frames would have been on the altar wall, probably at the sides, to multiply the limited light of the interior and to add glitter.

It is now up to the restorers to decide how to furnish the chapel. With this information it should be possible to approximate the original appearance. Obviously there will be some difficulty in finding statues of the exact proper size, though one needn't quibble on a few inches if the subject and date are proper. Proper prototypes for the other furnishing and decoration should be easy to come by. In the end the result can be something very special and very much an ornament to the city of Santa Barbara.

NOTES

1. Variously reproduced but see Brian M. Fagan, *Archaeology of the Chapel Site*, Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, 1976, p. 10, no. 6.
2. According to R.A. Ruiz, "Historical Background of the Presidio Chapel," *Third Summary Report on Excavations Conducted at the Site of the Spanish Royal Presidio Chapel*, February 1968-November 1968, p. 10, "The soldier, Tomás González, was paid 100 pesos to adorn the chapel and paintings were secured from Mexico."
3. The inventories published in the *Fifth Summary Report on Excavations Conducted at the Site of the Spanish Royal Presidio Chapel*, July 1970-November 1970, pp. 25-31 refer to the mission, not to the Presidio Chapel.
4. Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library.
5. *SBMAL*, Santa Barbara Mission, *Libro de Inventarios*, pp. 37 ff.
6. A vara equals 33 inches.
7. Leonard of Portomaurizio was a notable Franciscan preacher who died in 1751 and was beatified in 1796; he was raised to sainthood in 1867. The appearance of a picture of him in California is rather unusual and probably was due to some special devotion of someone at the presidio. The date of his beatification and that of the dedication of the Presidio Chapel may only be a coincidence.
8. Archivo Histórico de Hacienda, Mexico City, Leg. 477-76, "Imagen de Santa Barbara de Bulto de una vara de alto con todo lo que le corresponda."
9. See above note 5.
10. See *Noticias*, Vol. XXVIII, No. 2, p. 47.
11. See above note 2.

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

By E.R. "Jim" Blakley*

The Santa Ynez Mountains form a wall between the coastal shelf and the Santa Ynez Valley. The Chumash Indians living along the coast developed a number of trails through the passes in the mountain wall to reach the river valley beyond. Trails were known to have crossed the mountains at Romero Canyon, San Roque-Arroyo Burro, San Marcos Pass and Refugio Canyon. J.P. Harrington's[1] notes indicate that still another Indian trail was located between San Marcos Pass and Refugio Canyon. This trail served as a route for the Indian villages at the west end of the Goleta Valley to cross over the mountain wall into the Santa Ynez Valley.

Harrington used the last of the living Chumash Indians as informants, one of whom was Juan Justo. Harrington and Juan Justo took a train ride up the coast, and on this trip Harrington asked the names of the different canyons they crossed and any important historical information that Juan Justo could remember about that particular canyon.

When they came to the canyon called "Cañada de las Armas," the informant gave it the name of "Taqmaw." Dr. Richard Applegate in his Index of Chumash Placenames spelled it "Tahmaw," and Taylor in *The Farmer* gave it as "Texmaw." What is more important than the name are the notes Harrington recorded about this canyon. J.P. Harrington's notes were taken down in a mixture of English, Spanish and Chumash. When Mr. Harrington died, these notes were boxed up and sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. It has only been in the last few years that portions of these notes have been made available for study, and many important bits of information from them are just now beginning to answer persistent questions about Santa Barbara history. The following is a copy of Harrington's notes for this location: "Inf. thinks they called Cañada de las Armas taqmaw, 'Bajada.' [Path down.] It is opposite San Marcos Canyon. That is explanation. Trail crossed from San Marcos, and descended trail to Canada de las Armas. The priest's mine was reached by this trail to Cañada de las Armas. The priest's mine was reached by this trail and stopped at San Marcos on the way. The Americans were going to fight Castro in the canyon—that is why they called it Cañada de las Armas. Some say so, in these matters, others refute. Name (taqmaw) means bajada con angostura, [narrow descent] bajar con mucha precaucion. Every Indian would have his mule by the halter." On another of his cards he had the notation, "'maha italiw,' = Cañada de las Armas. The name in Indian is a translation of the Spanish = Elwood Canyon.[2] Trail went from San Marcos to this canyon." For many years the story has been repeated that

1. J.P. Harrington was an archaeologist who made an important study of the Chumash Indians in the 1930s.

2. While Elwood was frequently spelled with only one "l" in olden days, it usually has two l's now.

*"Jim" Blakley has spent considerable time visiting our back country and studying U.S. Forestry maps and reports and other accounts of our mountain area.



Eucalyptus trees above Montecito "Jim" Blakley

back in the San Rafael Mountains is located the Lost Padres' Mine.[3] The Indian's statement that the Priests' Mine was reached by this trail with a stopover at the San Marcos Ranch seems to be logical. The old trail to the Indian village of Stuk and then on up to Peach Tree Canyon ran up Santa Cruz Creek from its mouth at the Santa Ynez River, just down stream from the San Marcos Ranch to its junction with Peach Tree Creek, then up this creek to the mineralized area near the mouth of Mine Canyon. The Lost Padres', or Priests' Mine, is mentioned several other times in Harrington's notes.

Let us go into detail about the meaning of these notes. Over the years this canyon has had several names. On the topographic map and other maps of the area one finds that the mouth and lowest part of the canyon is known as "Bell Canyon." This portion of the canyon is named for the John Bell family: Kate Den, who married John Bell, was a daughter of Nicholas Den, the original owner of Dos Pueblos Ranch, of which this canyon was a portion. The portion of the canyon in the middle up to the forks is known as "Cañada de las Armas." The story is told that during the Mexican Period in California a group of Californios under Castro moved up from Los Angeles to do battle with a group of Americans from the Monterey area under Isaac Graham. An engagement was supposed to have occurred between the two sides at this canyon. The canyon thereafter was known as "Cañada de las Armas." A 1919 map shows the west fork as "Cañada de los

3. Although Harrington makes this possessive singular, most accounts of the Lost Padres' mine use the plural form, for presumably several priests were involved in the gold recovery. According to a July 12, 1894, Weekly Press account, "the mine produced gold for the ornaments, vestures and so on which belong to the Mission Santa Barbara." The Weekly Press, May 7, 1903, states that the Padres "brought the ore down in baskets" to be reduced at the Mission. When the Monks feared that the mine might be looted by pirates, they blocked up the entrance and destroyed the trail to it. Not a grammarian, Harrington also ignored the tilde on words like Cañada.

Armitos," while the right fork is known as "Ellwood" or "Doty Canyon," and the left fork is known as "Winchester Canyon." At one time Ellwood Cooper owned the canyon and developed a famous ranch known for its olive oil production. Later the land was sold to the Doty family and the canyon was then known by the name of the new owners. Dr. Winchester was the personal physician of Colonel W.W. Hollister, an early developer of a large ranch in the region. Dr. Winchester developed a ranch up the west fork of the canyon, which was then named after him.

Next let us look at the canyons draining down the north side of the Santa Ynez Mountains to the river. Going up from east to west: first is Bear Creek, then Hot Springs Canyon, De Vaul Canyon and Tequepis Canyon. On the 1905 topographical Santa Ynez quadrangle map the name Bear Creek is given to the canyon now known as De Vaul Canyon, and Tequepis Canyon. On the 1905 topographic Santa Ynez quadrangle map the name Bear Creek is given to the canyon now known as De Vaul Canyon, and the present Bear Creek has no name, but probably was known as San Marcos Canyon. The old Santa Ynez topographic map shows a trail branching north from the Summit or Ocean View Trail, which is now the West Camino Cielo Road. This old trail descended the ridge between Bear Creek and Hot Springs Canyon. The bottom end of this trail came out just east of the old San Marcos Ranch headquarters. In later years when Dr. Nicholas Den owned both the Dos Pueblos and San Marcos Ranches, this trail would have been the most direct route between the two ranches.

A couple of months ago I mentioned this old trail to John Doty, who is the present owner of Ellwood Canyon. He informed me that after the Refugio Fire in 1955, he found the remains of an old trail that ascended the west side of the canyon, then climbed out over the steep rocks at the upper east side of the canyon. In the lower canyon just above John's house is a narrows with steep rocky sides to the canyon where it passes through the more resistant Coldwater Sandstone outcroppings. This would fit the "Angostura, bajar con mucha precaucion. Every Indian would have his mule by the halter." John said that anyone coming down the old trail would sure have had to hold onto the halter for dear life to get down all in one piece.

The old trail down the north side of the Santa Ynez Mountains west of Bear Creek was shown for a number of years on Forest Service maps along with the symbol for a cabin. On their 1938 recreation map the cabin was no longer shown, but a camp called "Camino Cielo" was indicated just below the mountain crest on the north side at the head of the west fork of Bear Creek. Pat Garcia, lodge caretaker, stated that when George Owen Knapp began obtaining water for his lodge from the head of Bear Creek in 1947 there was not much left of the old camp. Now nothing remains at the site except some grading done when a spike C.C.C. camp was set up at this location during construction on the West Camino Cielo Road.

At the present time the chaparral has grown so thick that it would be almost impossible to locate either part of the old Indian Trail, but some time in the future after the next wild fire burns over the area, the old trail will reappear and modern man can cross the mountain wall at this



Raymond D. Pierce on Cold Springs Trail "Jim" Blakley

location.

The Romero Canyon Trail ascending the mountains from Montecito was one of the Indian trails, which was rebuilt as a military dispatch trail to Fort Tejon, but was never used for that purpose. With the discovery of quicksilver in the Santa Ynez Valley, a shorter trail from Montecito was needed to reach the mines during the winter when the Santa Ynez River was in flood. The Cold Springs Trail[4] resulted.

The earliest report of the use of the Cold Springs Trail was printed in an early Santa Barbara paper on February 21, 1878:

> Yesterday Mr. Shedd and two men, two donkeys and two mules came over from the Los Prietos Mines by a new trail in less than eight hours, two of which were used to clear the trail of brush to the top of the mountain on the other side, and from the point of striking Cold Springs Canyon on this side there is a cattle trail, but the brush had to be cut out from the top of the mountain to Cold Springs Canyon.

The old Cold Springs Trail is described in *Santa Barbara and Around There,* by Edwards Roberts in 1886. Mention is made of the 300-foot waterfall near the trail. The old trail followed up Cold Spring Canyon and took the west fork. It passed the site of the Santa Barbara water tunnel and continued on up the north branch of the west fork of the creek. Soon it came to a cliff and could go no farther up the creek bed, so it switchbacked up the west side of the canyon to the top of the cliff. Here at the top of the waterfall is a very large rock. This rock was mentioned by early users of the trail. From the top of the waterfall the trail followed the creek bottom through a small narrows and then it began to switchback up the shale slope to the top of the Santa Ynez Mountains. From here the trail followed the

4. Maps show both Cold Spring and Cold Springs spelling for trails, canyons and creeks in Montecito. The name is derived from springs in the canyon. Cold Spring Tavern near San Marcos Pass has no "s" on the end.

top of the mountains east to the head of Gidney Creek, where it descended to Forbush Flat and finally to the Santa Ynez River.

With the establishment of the Santa Ynez Forest Reserve, it was decided to improve the Cold Springs Trail as part of the Reserve's trail development program. In a letter from Louis A. Barrett, Forest Inspector, to The Forester, Washington, D.C., 1905, Mr. Barrett states,

> It is considered advisable to have one well-built main trail crossing the Reserve from the Coast to the desert side, and one-half of the field force will be at work on this trail all the spring. This trail starts up the Cold Spring Canyon near Montecito, crosses the first range, drops down and over the Santa Ynez River, follows up Mono Creek a long distance and over the higher interior range to the Bakersfield country. About 25 miles of the western end of this trail is now completed and in good shape.

In the field diary, number 3, of H. Ortega are the following entries:

> March 7; Started from Headquarters (Arroyo Hondo) to Santa Barbara. March 8; Sunday. March 9; Established camp at Cold Springs Trail. March 10; Cut trail on Cold Springs Trail (and continued to work on the trail until) Sat. April 11; After this date returned to Hdq. at Arroyo Hondo.

He informs us that he cut 1,103 yards of trail during this period.

In "A Guide to Rides and Drives in Santa Barbara" by E.M. Heath, 1904, both the old and new Cold Springs Trails are mentioned. He calls it the "Old Cold Stream Canyon Trail" with its waterfall view from the rock called "The Pinnacle." He mentions that the upper part of the trail is somewhat washed out by winter rains. He gives the following for the "New Cold Stream Trail:" "A first class trail built by the Federal Government. The trail starts below Baker's Tunnel buildings, follows east fork of Cold Stream Creek, climbs out of east side and up mountain to the summit."

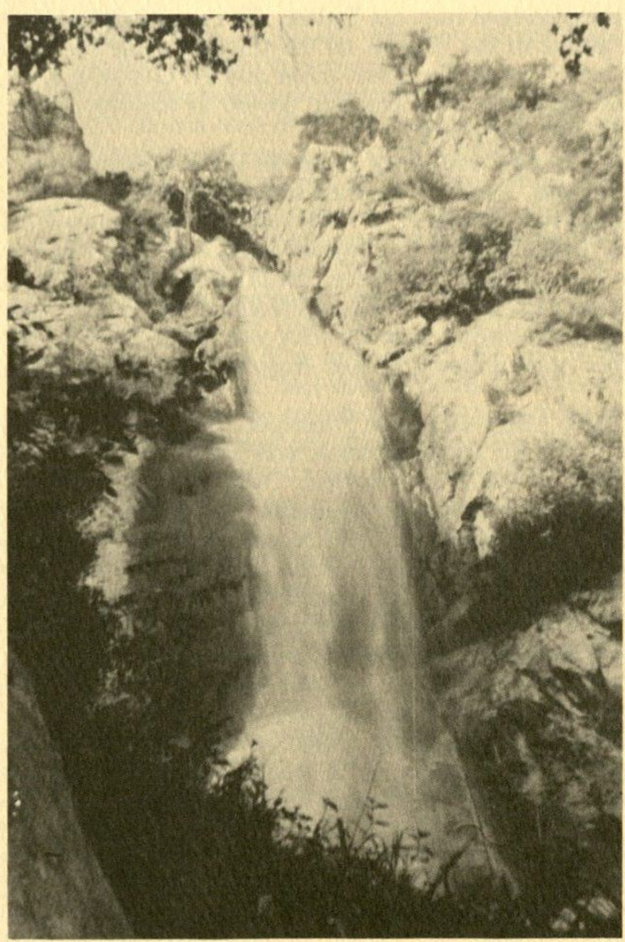
With the improvement of the trails into the back country, the Cold Springs Trail became a main route over the Santa Ynez Mountains. In June, 1917, Arthur Ogilvy purchased and developed the old San Garbasio Ranch of Carl Stoddard and it became commonly called "The Ogilvy Ranch." Ferdinand Delbrook packed in Cypress and Eucalyptus trees to plant on the ranch. He is the one who planted the Eucalyptus trees part way up the south side of the Santa Ynez Mountains at a switchback of the Cold Springs Trail. The story is told that the cook at the Ogilvy home in Montecito would watch the trail with field glasses, and when the folks coming back from the ranch would reach the Eucalyptus trees, they would stop to rest the horses and the cook could tell just how long it would be before they would arrive at the house for supper.

In later years a small rock quarry was operated just above the junction of the trail and Mountain Drive. Now all the old equipment is gone and brush has reclaimed most of the quarry site.

After the Coyote Fire burned over the area in 1964, the remains of the old Cold Springs Trail could be located. Following up this old trail to above the waterfall, one could reach the site of the old homestead claimed by a member of the Romero family. There are still a few old relics such as the

blade of a walking plow, broken bottles and rusty tin cans. Much of the site was washed away in the 1969 flood. Growing over the chaparral and through the branches of the Coast Live Oak trees at the homestead site are the runners of a large old grapevine that has survived at least one brush fire and possibly others.

At this time the two most popular trails over the Santa Ynez Mountains are the Cold Springs and Romero Trails. If the energy shortage increases, these two trails will see even much larger use by hikers and horseback riders seeking access to the Santa Ynez Valley and the back country beyond.



Cold Springs Canyon Falls "Jim" Blakley

AN INTERVIEW WITH JULIEN F. GOUX

By Stella Haverland Rouse

The name Goux has long been associated with Santa Barbara's history. It is now borne by Julien F. Goux, a lawyer and a dean of the local bar, and his son, Tori. Jules Emile Goux, Julien's grandfather, came from Lyons, France, many years ago. A newspaper states that he bought an adobe built in 1812 in the center of the 1000 block (west of State Street) in 1853. Augustin Goux, Julien's father, was born there. Later it was owned by Thomas Goux, subsequently being demolished in the late 1950s for a parking lot and what is now the Crocker National Bank.

Julien Goux's father and his uncle, Thomas, attended the college for students at the Old Mission. There were many San Francisco pupils there in those days, whose parents sent them south for the fine disciplinary training they received from the Fathers. The two local boys rode horseback from the adobe to the college, on the shortest route across many vacant blocks of land between the Goux adobe and the Old Mission. Emile Goux, brother of Augustin and Thomas, served as County Auditor of Santa Barbara County long ago.

The Goux family was one of a number of French immigrants here in the early "American" days, for there are several newspaper accounts of French Society gatherings. Owen H. O'Neill states in his *History of Santa Barbara* that when the regimental band was brought from Los Angeles by Colonel Jonathan Stevenson to play for residents on July 4th, 1848, and atone for the loss of the cannon from the brig *Elizabeth*, one of the places serenaded in addition to the church and barracks, was the French Consul's residence. Jules Goux represented the Los Angeles French Consulate in Santa Barbara.

The French celebrated their "Independence Day" July 14, for many years. An especially elaborate affair was held in 1881, when Emile Goux was president of the French Society. Other officers then were L. Cerf of Ventura (Ventura County was originally part of Santa Barbara County), J. Joyeaux, B. Grinand and J. Levy. On the list of men planning the above activities of the day were names of residents prominent in local affairs: S. Simon, A.J. Abraham, L. Birabent, F.W. Murat and C.E. Lataillade. A "Car of Liberty," beautifully decorated with French and American flags, and carrying twenty little girls dressed in white, was a feature of the parade, while strains of "La Marseillaise" and other patriotic airs sounded. A fine barbecue with choice wines was enjoyed at Tucker's Grove, and about sixty couples attended a grand ball at Odd Fellows Hall in the evening.

On July 14, 1882, according to the Daily Press, "Our French fellow citizens are celebrating Bastille Day with their customary enthusiasm. At 6 a.m. the French tri-color was exalted on the residence of the French Consular Correspondent, and a salute of 21 guns ushered in the day." At 9 a.m. the streets were filled with people in holiday attire, coming to take part in or watch the procession. A band, the French Consular Correspondent, Goux, and civic officials were in the parade which dispersed for a picnic at Tucker's Grove.

On July 14, 1907, the Press announced, "Today is the great national fete day of France, celebrating the Fall of the Bastille. The day will be observed

with a picnic at Hope Ranch. Mrs. Raffour will close Raffour House today and act as hostess at the picnic. About thirty-six friends have been invited."

Some time before 1860, Jules E. Goux was in communication with a Frenchman, Louis Provost, who was promoting the silk industry by distributing mulberry trees and silkworms for production of silk fabric. Goux was involved in this enterprise with Albert Packard and James Ord. The place of operation was on Carrillo Street, for years known as the "Packard place," where grapes for wine making and an adobe winehouse flourished. Probably half the interest was vested in Mr. Goux. The silkworms were raised on the third (wooden) floor of the colossal two-story and basement adobe, and the mulberry trees to feed them lined San Andres Street and the vicinity.

In August, 1882,* Jules Goux told members of the Natural History Society about his involvement in sericulture here:

"Articles in California papers on the subject are open to criticism. Most of the experiments in this state in the manufacture of silk have been on a large scale, hatching as many as twelve ounces of eggs. About 1865 when the California silk flag was ordered by this state, John Neuman said it would not be a difficult matter to purchase the silk. He traveled over the state, but could not find ten pounds outside of Santa Barbara. I sold him seven hundred pounds from which the flag was made.

"California writers overestimate the profit from silkworms. One cannot make $500 per acre from the silk worms in California, although Mr. Bugbee says $1000 per acre. It is impossible. We admit there is some speculation, say $100 per acre, but those returns are only when work is managed by cheap labor, or by members of one's own family.

"The history of our Santa Barbara silkworms is this: Mr. Packard, Dr. J. Ord and I planted four thousand trees of mulberry. We received the eggs from Europe and kept at the industry as long as labor was cheap. We could get hands at one dollar per week. The State of California offered premiums for every hundred thousand cocoons; I received $600 premiums.

"Our climate is number one for the project, better a little farther from the coast where the mornings are dry. Dew or fog on the leaves would be fatal, as the worms require that the leaves on which they feed be dry. The Japanese eggs are the only ones known to be free from disease, but the eggs raised in California are better than those of France or Italy.

"The great drawback to successful worm industry is the expense of labor. In Europe laborers get twenty cents a day, in China, five. We cannot compete with them. If we can manage to save labor it may be a success. One way is to graft the trees. On seedling trees the leaves are small and require too much labor in handling. The Morus alba is the finest and most prolific variety for planting and grafting. The Lombardy is good stock to graft with. Mulberry trees thrive on a sandy loam, roots strike deep, twenty feet if they have the chance. They are said to live one hundred and fifty years. Seeds are not generally perfect. All the varieties bear fruit, but none of them are palatable; they are insipid to the taste. The grafted tree will produce larger leaves and they are easier to pick for feeding. My trees are seedlings

***Santa Barbara Daily Press*, August 25, 1882.

from Mr. Provost.

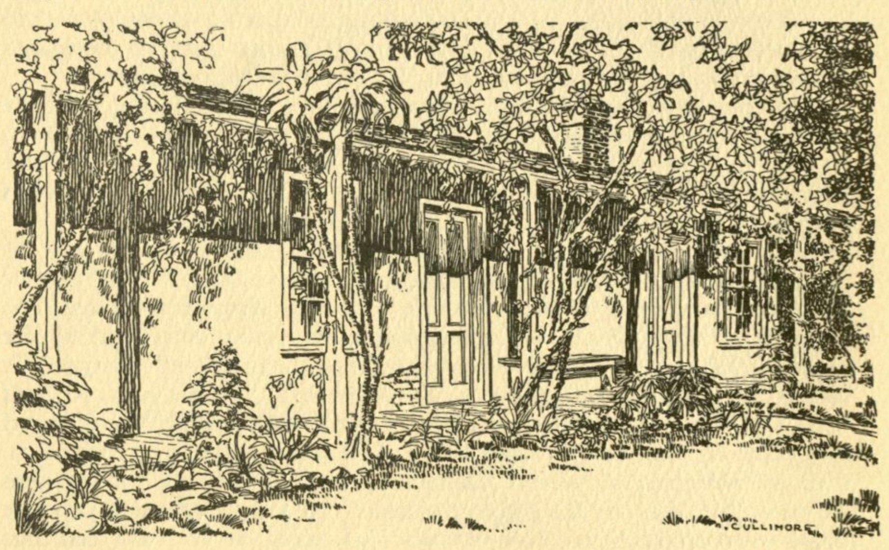
"Worms will live on some other food; instances are recorded where they fed on Osage Orange. They perfected themselves and made cocoons. But the quality and quantity of silk depends upon their food and management. The perfection of a cocoon is to be hard and heavy. One kind of food will give two hundred and fifty cocoons to a pound, another eight hundred. No one will raise cocoons except for market, but a lady or child can do it.

"If every family will plant a few good trees, and work them, the ladies and the children can work them easily, but they must not try to follow a book; a good practical worker should be gotten to teach them. And the labor and confinement is only from six weeks to two months in the year. The worms feed from four to six weeks. It is not difficult to unwind the cocoons; put some in a little warm water with a little potash and take a little broom, and see how easily they will unwind. When I was at the State Fair in Sacramento, I had a lady assistant who soon learned to excel me. The difficulty in the manufacture of silk is not in the winding, but it requires much skill to reel the silk to have each thread of accurate size . . . "

Mr. Goux told his audience that Santa Barbarans had everything necessary but cheap labor. The climate, soil and perfected machinery were available here. He believed that sericulture could not be done by corporations; instead the interest of families should be aroused, and trees should be planted. "Get the eggs (Mr. Gilette of Nevada can furnish them). The cocoons are worth seventy-five cents a pound—create a market.

"All the varieties of trees may be propagated from cuttings. The climate is perfect: no cold weather, no thunderstorms. The effect of thunder is to break the thread and cause the worm to stop spinning, for once a thread is broken, worms will not resume operations . . . "

Jules E. Goux and succeeding members of the family acquired extensive



The Goux Adobe C. Cullimore, *S.B. Adobes*

property in this area. They owned what is now Sandyland, extending from Carpinteria to Serena. When the family sold it, it had become so valuable that it was sold by the front foot. There were many other parcels of land in the Goleta area, and many town lots as well. They included the corner quarter-block on West Figueroa and State Streets, where Jules E. Goux's son, Augustin, had his winehouse. While he did manufacture some wines, he imported much of his stock from France, Germany and Hungary, selling a large portion of it on orders from all over the United States. Back of the store was a Brewery on Figueroa Street, and for some years, above the store was the residence of Father Jaime, pastor of the Catholic Church across the street, in the 1880s. Farther up the street was the office-home of Dr. Harriet Belcher, later occupied by Dr. Harold Sidebotham. Farther along was the Presbyterian Church.

Born near the turn of the century, Julien F. Goux, the son of Augustin Goux and Nellie Charlotte Raffour, a native of France, lived in Santa Barbara when life was fairly simple, but the family was always in comfortable circumstances. In the early years before autos, an enjoyable "pleasure trip" for young people was to board a streetcar, ride to the beach to a confectionery store owned by a Mr. Smith, buy an ice cream cone there and a fortune cookie next door at a Japanese tea house, and then ride back to his home on Garden Street.

Streetcar riding was not always pleasant for Julien Goux, though the children often rode out to Oak Park, too, then came back and transferred to the Mission car. Sometimes the lad became "carsick," but a sympathetic conductor would stop the car while Julien dismounted and was relieved of his misery, then boarded the vehicle to resume his journey. Life was leisurely then.

Pleasure excursions included trips to Franklin's Grove in Carpinteria, or to Tucker's Grove. He rode on the back seat of the family surrey with his two sisters.

Longer outings were trips by the Southern Pacific to Ventura, where his father engaged a team and rig to take the family with a basket lunch to Wheeler Hot Springs or Matilija Park. A particular pleasure was fording the Ventura River, with the horses splashing in the water, for there were not many bridges there in those days.

Mr. Goux remembers that early in this century Catholics questioned religious doctrines of Protestants, and Protestants doubted Catholics' religious qualifications, but the Reverend Warren D. Moore, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, had a young daughter who was a good friend of Goux's sister. The Protestant minister on Sundays with his daughter would pick up Goux's sister and drive her to attend services at her Catholic Church, and then proceed with his daughter to his church, where he would preach a Protestant sermon, a rather liberal ecumenical arrangement for those days.

He has appreciative memories of his High School years, acknowledging his debt to the many dedicated teachers here. He referred to fine educators whose names are almost forgotten now—W.C. Westergaard, who went on to a professorship at U.C.L.A.; Otto R. Patzwald, head of the modern

languages department; Edith Eberle and Eldon Ford, his science teachers. He can still quote passages of the Latin classics, memorized under the instruction of Helen Dimmick. Jane C. Byrd instilled good literature appreciation. He deplores the "smattering of education" students frequently receive nowadays, and the absence of classical studies in high school and college.

There were two brothers and two sisters in the family. Julien's younger sister attended Stanford University part of the time while he was there. One of his brothers became a production manager for 20th Century Fox, and the other was connected with theaters and was a hotel manager in New York. Later, he worked with his father in wine merchandising here.

After attending Santa Barbara schools, Julien Goux went to Stanford University where he majored in philosophy. Two of the professors had him read papers during his student days, and suggested that he work for a Ph.D. and return there as an instructor. By that time his father was dead, and his Uncle Thomas advised him not to be diverted from his original intention of becoming a lawyer, so he went to Harvard, graduating there from Law School in 1925.

Mr. Goux had planned to return to Boston to practice law after his graduation, but following the June, 1925, earthquake, he felt that leaving Santa Barbara in its battered condition, would seem like deserting his home town, so he began his law practice here.

He worked with E.W. Squier and John J. Squier, later with Fred Schauer and Harrison Ryon in the firm of Schauer, Ryon and Goux. He paid tribute to the Squiers as able lawyers, noted beyond the boundaries of Santa Barbara as brilliant men. E.W. was a particularly gifted logician; John J. had a photographic memory, with the ability to refer to specific cases by their numbers and page locations. Reference to the Squiers brought to mind Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard Law School, who had a fine memory, too, but not, perhaps, a "reasoning mind."

About 1929 he decided to run for city attorney. Although a prominent politician advised him that since there were other candidates like Norris Montgomery and Samuel Bingham (the incumbent) he might as well not compete, he won the election, returning for two more terms in office. After that he decided it was time to have a new city attorney, and to return to private practice. The salary was $300 a month, but he was allowed to retain a private practice. However, he attended all council meetings, as well as various commission and committee meetings. He had no assistant nor deputy.

He held office 50 years ago, and the city, as revealed in contemporary newspapers, had a tremendous number of issues for consideration. That era of government was particularly complicated because there was a new charter, with a freeholder type of government which presented many questions.

One of the biggest problems concerned the cessation of the Santa Barbara Railway Company in 1929. The Southern California Edison Company, which owned the stock, was told to remove the track, which it refused to do until a court settlement.

Gambling boats which anchored offshore outside the three-mile limit, threatening Santa Barbara's fairly crime-free existence were prevented by a Federal Court lawsuit from operating here.

Another problem was zoning—an issue unheard of a few years previously. Many questions developed in connection with the installation of oil wells on the Mesa, and their subsequent devaluation of home values in the area because of their unsightliness.

Zoning also became an issue in the Samarkand area because of Earle Ovington's establishment of an airfield there. The first zoning ordinance drawn up by Samuel Bingham designated Ovington's land as an airport, but no map was published. As aviation became more popular and more planes began landing, residents with attractive homes complained of the noise of planes landing or taking off "at full blast," and of the potential safety hazards. By midsummer, 1932, there were several citations for illegal landing. A lawsuit resulted in Goux winning the case on technicalities.

There were also complaints of Lockheed brothers landing their craft at the beach, but Goux upheld their right to do so.

Another field in which he became involved was that of water rights to the Santa Ynez River, a battle which eventually consumed many years up to the time of building Cachuma Dam. With Francis Price and a Mr. Irvine, who was a special water rights counsel, he was involved in much of the water litigation of the 1930s. This led to work with the Calleguas Municipal Water District in its water war with the United Water Conservation District in Ventura County. He also represented San Luis Obispo County in a dispute with Monterey over water.

Mr. Goux served under Mayors T.R. Finley and Harvey Nielson. He remembers with pleasure the many fine business leaders who took time in those days to serve on the Council and on various boards, and succeeded in developing an outstanding city government.

He developed an interest in aviation, taking his pilot training under George Fiske Hammond. Sometimes he flew over to San Miguel Island with Mr. Hammond when he delivered supplies to the Herbert Lester family living there. He remembers San Miguel Island as a bleak, windswept place, without mainland communication until Mr. Hammond got a transmitting set for the Lesters, for use in emergencies. Mr. Goux had his own plane, and flew to many parts of the United States.

He recalls the day when if he walked down State Street he would be stopped time and time again for greetings by acquaintances; now few friends are met on the streets. There were many "town characters" in those days, as perhaps there still are, but with a larger population they are not so obvious. One artist he remembers was a frequenter of the Old Mission, where he painted Mission scenes on Mission tiles and sold them to tourists. He was a slight man, and since he was seen often in Chinatown, many people suspected him of being an opium addict. Goux insists he was harmless and quite an amateur Shakespearean student and actor.

Mr. Goux practiced alone most of his years, finally associating with partners whose offices are in the dignified old Howard-Canfield building, constructed many years ago.

IN MEMORIAM
EDWARD SELDEN SPAULDING

WHEREAS, at its regular meeting held at Fernald House on June 24, 1982, this Board wishes to pay special tribute to Edward Selden Spaulding, who died on June 7, 1982, for his many years of inspirational service to the Santa Barbara Historical Society; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Spaulding contributed much to the success of the Society by his many years of service as Editor of Noticias from July 1958, to November 1968; as a member of this Board from January 1961, to July 1967; and his contributions to the many committees of the Society on which he served; it is fitting and proper that his long service to the Society and his community be recognized by this Board.

NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Board of Directors of the Santa Barbara Historical Society in regular meeting assembled, does hereby express its deep appreciation and gratitude for the long and devoted and dedicated service of Edward Selden Spaulding; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of the present meeting of the Board; that this meeting be adjourned in his honor and memory; and that a copy of these Resolutions suitably inscribed, be delivered to his family."



Edward Selden Spaulding S.B. Historical Society

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"
A TRIBUTE TO EDWARD SELDEN SPAULDING
1891-1982

By Walker A. Tompkins

Santa Barbara in general and the Historical Society in particular lost a cherished friend and leader with the passing of Edward Selden Spaulding on June 7. As an educator, author, naturalist and historian he left innumerable monuments in the community to bear witness to his work and his nobility of spirit.

Born in Buffalo, N.Y. on March 7, 1891 to Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Spaulding, young Selden first came to Santa Barbara in 1896 when the family wintered at the old Arlington Hotel. There, in a Buster Brown suit, he posed by the veranda with the world's largest rose bush.

His father, a banker and philanthropist of note in the East, built an elegant Victorian mansion at 1408 Chapala Street where Selden grew up. He recalled that carpenters earned a dollar a day and were inclined to take their time on a job, prompting his father to offer a handsome bonus for each day under a specified time limit. The result was a mansion costing $25,000—it would be worth two million today—in a very few weeks!

It was Selden's father who sold 36 acres of choice beach frontage between Bath and Chapala Streets to Milo M. Potter as a site for the Potter Hotel in 1902. This luxury hotel attracted many millionaire patrons from the East, who remained to form the nucleus of modern Montecito.

Although raised in an atmosphere of unbounded wealth, young Selden was a man of simple tastes and a complete lack of ostentation. With such friends as Ed Gilbert and Nat Wills he spent many weeks camping in the back country, soaking up knowledge about wildlife and native flora which he wrote about so vividly in such books as *Camping in Our Mountains,* published for the Society. He became the recognized authority on quails following publication of his book "The Quails". based on boyhood observations.

Selden was educated at the Hicks School. Problems with his vision deprived him of going to college, but his omniverous reading made up for a diploma many times over. Going East for eye treatment, a wise doctor told him to swim in the ocean and keep his eyes open underwater. Selden returned to Santa Barbara and followed the doctor's advice—and obtained a complete cure.

Early in the century his father was killed in a horse and buggy accident on Ortega Hill. When his mother died in 1923 the family home on Chapala Street was sold to George Owen Knapp. From 1942 until 1967 it served as the local Red Cross chapterhouse. The Spaulding stable in the rear where young Selden kept his saddle horses as a youth, became the public library after the central library was wrecked in the earthquake of 1925.

Selden taught history, math and science at Hicks School, later teaching history at the Deane School. This led to his founding Laguna Blanca School in Hope Ranch in 1933 where he served as headmaster until his retirement in 1956.

"Mr. Spaulding was a superb teacher," a former student recalls. "He was full of tricks to keep our interest. He combined natural history and chemistry, for example, when he labeled a waterdog (a kind of lizard) an

H_2O-K9 and had us figure it out."

He married Miss Margaret Schuman who bore him two sons and two daughters. She became a total invalid for many years before her death in 1966, during which time Selden's affection and solicitude for her comfort never wavered. Their home was in sylvan Mission Canyon, close to nature. After his marriage to a long-time friend, Miss Dorothy Edwards, he spent nine of the happiest years of his life until her untimely passing in 1975. They resided at her home on East Padre Street, where he displayed his extensive collection of oils, etchings and watercolors by noted artists, mostly depicting landscapes and wildlife. Selden himself was an accomplished pen and ink artist, as his many published sketches testify.

As an author, Edward Selden Spaulding contributed such valuable books to enrich the local archive as *Ford's Etchings of California, Common Birds of Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara as Seen by a Boy, A Brief Story of Santa Barbara,* and his masterwork *Adobe Days Along the Channel,* a widely-used reference volume. *Observations of an Idle Mind* was his over-modest title for a superb book of sonnets. *Venison and a Breath of Sage* was a work of fiction, while *Here, There and Everywhere* was a book of poetry given to his friends only and never placed on public sale. The proceeds of his books went mainly to benefit the Santa Barbara Historical Society. Other titles were *Deer, Etchings of the West, Wild Oats and Chaparral.*

Selden Spaulding was a charter member of the Society who served for years on the board and was a strong right arm for Francis Price, Sr. and Paul Sweetser in the formative years of the organization. According to Elisabeth Harris, as a friend of the late Reginald Fernald, he was very helpful to members of the Women's Projects Board in restoring the Victorian Fernald House after it was moved to its present site in 1959. A couple of autograph parties for his books were held there. His greatest contribution to the Society was serving as editor-in-chief of *Noticias* between 1958 and 1968, including several special issues which he financed himself.

Named "Senior Citizen of the Year" in 1969, Selden was always in demand as a public speaker, especially his continuing series of lectures at the Alhecama Theater for Adult Education on the history of Santa Barbara. He was a speaker of great charisma and charm. Who can forget how Selden Spaulding used to start chuckling at the lectern and his delighted audience was kept in suspense as to the reason, until, wiping his eyes and stifling his laughter, he told them the recollection which had triggered his mirth?

Selden Spaulding's favorite quotation from literature was Eugene Field's "over the hills and far away." It typified his own restless curiosity to discover what lay over the horizon. As must come to all men, his horizons began to contract as advancing age finally sent him, a lifelong outdoorsman, to Pinecrest Hospital.

There, on March 7 of this year, he observed his 91st birthday. Three months later to the day, death released him from the shackles that had confined him indoors. A host of grieving Santa Barbarans, old and young, paid their final respects to a great and honored man, as, full of years and laden with honors, he once again headed over the hills and far away . . .

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS BY EDWARD SELDEN SPAULDING, 1891-1982

Compiled by Margaret Neeld Coons

Adobe Days Along the Channel. Compiled by Edward S. Spaulding. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio] 1957
124 p. Illus.

A Brief Story of Santa Barbara. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Santa Barbara Historical Society, 1964]
78p., Illus.

Borein, Edward
Etchings of the West. Edited by Edward S. Spaulding. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio, 1950]
n.p., Illus.

Camping in Our Mountains; Reminiscences. [Santa Barbara, Caif., Santa Barbara Historical Society, 1972]
173p.

China Camp. Santa Barbara, Calif., Santa Barbara Historical Society, 1965.
22p. Illus. (Occastional Papers, No. 4)

Common Birds of Santa Barbara. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio, c1928]
69p. Illus.

Deer. n.p., n.d.
[133p.] Illus.

Ed Borein's West. [Leaves from the Sketch Book of the Last Artist of the Longhorn Era] Edited by Edward S. Spaulding. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio, 1952]
10p. Illus.

Ford, Henry Chapman
Etchings of California. [Santa Barbara, Calif.] Edward Selden Spaulding. 1962.
n.p. 36 plates

Here and There and Everywhere. Santa Barbara, Calif., W.T. Genns, [1966]
136p. Illus.

The Quails. N.Y., Macmillan, 1949.
123p. Illus.

Random Observations of an Idle Man While Contemplating an Open Fire. Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio, n.d., n.p.

Santa Barbara, 1898-1925, as Seen by a Boy. n.p., n.d.
132p. Illus.

Santa Barbara Club. A History 1892-1954. [Santa Barbara, Calif., Schauer Printing Studio, 1954]
131p. Illus.

Venison and a Breath of Sage; Tales of the San Juan Ranch. Santa Barbara, Calif., W.T. Genns, c1967. 312p. Illus.

Wild Oats and Chaparral. [Santa Barbara, Calif., 1944] 179p. Illus.

The list of signed articles which Selden Spaulding contributed to *Noticias* can be found in the *Index to Noticias* in the Gledhill Library.



The courtyard, Historical Society.

S.B. Historical Society

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD

The celebration of Santa Barbara's 200th birthday on April 21, 1982, has focused attention on our "roots" and increased our perception of the importance of our history and its preservation, not only in understanding our past, but also in guiding us to the better development of our present and our progress in the future. From its inception, the Santa Barbara Historical Society has recognized this importance and has held to its purpose—to encourage and to implement the study and preservation of our heritage.

Now, in this Bicentennial Year, it seems appropriate to make known to the people of Santa Barbara—especially to our own newer members—and to those who are to follow us, the story of the Society itself—how and when it started, its early struggles, what has been accomplished and how it was done, and our hopes for the future. That is the purpose of this special issue of *Noticias*. The various aspects of the Society and its activities have been presented by different members, both past and present, who have played a part in them or who are still contributing their time and talent for the benefit of the Society and through it for the community.

Our history comprises much more than can be set forth in these pages. Only a resumé, an over-all look at what has happened, and is still happening, can be given. It has been drawn from many sources—back issues of *Noticias*, old newspaper accounts, clippings, scrap-books, personal notes and recollections, letters, and the records of the Society itself. The members of the Publications Committee and others who have helped them have spent many hours of research and work in preparation—they are Virginia D'Alfonso, Nancy De l'Arbre, Virginia Dibblee, Elaine Griscom, Elisabeth Harris, Jean Storke Menzies, Emily Stephens and Walker A. Tompkins. Dr. Robert Miller of our Gledhill Library, and President Gene Harris have also contributed. They with Editor Stella Haverland Rouse, who, with her comprehensive and accurate knowledge of Santa Barbara's history, has rendered invaluable assistance and expertise as well as contributing the article on *Noticias*, deserve the thanks of the Society members as well as my own most sincere personal thanks and appreciation.

Times change, the Society faces new challenges, much remains to be done, but our goals remain constant, and the dreams of our predecessors are still ours. ¡ Felices cumpleanos, Santa Barbara! May your next hundred years be as happy and as blessed as the past.

Geraldine V. Sahyun
Chairman of Publications

*THE HISTORY OF THE SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

By Paul G. Sweetser

The Santa Barbara Historical Society was first organized as a voluntary association in October, 1932. It was incorporated as a non-profit educational organization June 7, 1943. It has developed from a small, loosely structured group to an organization which ranks among the finest historical societies throughout our country.

For many years there was no group here devoted to historical research and the collection of historic artifacts and source material. The Natural History Society was formed December 2, 1876, by persons interested in current and prehistoric plant life of the area. It was kept alive through the early 1900s through the efforts of Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates and his wife, who survived him. While their interests centered principally in matters scientific, they did collect some historic artifacts and source material, displayed in an adobe on Anacapa Street.

In 1915, an exhibit of scientific materials and historic artifacts from the Santa Barbara area was arranged at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, some of it being furnished by the Natural History Society. The exhibit, however, was designated as that of "The Santa Barbara Historical Society," and a certificate of participation is now in the possession of our Society.

A number of organizations like the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Fathers of the Old Mission promoted an interest in local history. Most of these groups marked one or more historic places or buildings, thus bringing portions of Santa Barbara history to a considerable number of people.

In 1924, the first "Old Spanish Days" Fiesta was held; a celebration was omitted in the earthquake year of 1925. With the planning of the 1926 Fiesta, there was an increasing interest in the history of Santa Barbara and its early cultures. Much credit must be given to the Fiesta founders for calling attention to Santa Barbara's past.

In the early part of 1932 institutions interested in collecting California source material sent representatives to Santa Barbara to find and collect local source material, especially that covering the periods when Santa Barbara was of importance as a center of the State's government under Mexican rule. This circumstance came to the attention of Mrs. Frances B. Linn, librarian of the Public Library, who realized that those researchers might take from Santa Barbara much of its valuable historic material, particularly that covering secular matters.

She called this fact to the attention of interested groups. Two things were necessary: First, formation of an organization which could command sufficient confidence in the community to induce the possessors of historic artifacts to give them to the organization and thus preserve them for posterity. Second, securing some place for storing and protecting those materials.

*This history was condensed from an article in *Noticias* Vol VIII, No. 1, in the Spring supplement, 1962, available for reference in the Gledhill Library.

In the depression year of 1932 it was felt that a new organization seeking a large membership should not be launched. Instead, an association consisting of representatives of interested community organizations was formed. Accordingly, in October, 1932, articles of Association were signed by representatives of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Public Library, the State College, the City Schools system and the Old Mission. Among those signing the Articles were Dr. William H. Ellison, Anna E. McCaughey, Frances B. Linn, Fred H. Schauer, Paul G. Sweetser and Rev. Fr. Felix Pudlowski. These articles included a statement of their goal to collect and preserve historical material for research.

The officers elected were Mr. Paul G. Sweetser, President; Mr. Fred H. Schauer, Vice-President; Miss Elizabeth Mason, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Mason was also designated "Custodian" of the properties of the Society, including the hoped-for donation of historical material.

Originally, the plans of the new Santa Barbara Court House had included a large room in the northwest wing of the building for an historic museum. Samuel J. Stanwood, supervisor of the Second Supervisorial District, was largely responsible for this plan. However, when the Historical Society was organized, the room designated for historical displays was temporarily occupied by an "unemployment relief" group, and Mr. Stanwood offered the then vacant "tower" room to the group. Donations were secured from the various member organizations for necessary furniture. Then began the never ending process of collecting, cataloging and storing materials.

The organization had little financial support, as it had no membership dues other than a small fee charged to each of the participating organizations. Miss Mason, whose title was at some time changed to that of "curator," visited members of old families, collecting many historic artifacts and some source material, including the priceless Covarrubias papers. She gave richly of her own research, particularly concerning the life of the Canaliño Indians and the Mission and Presidio water systems.

Early in 1942 Mrs. John Russell Hastings, born Katharine Bagg in Santa Barbara County, returned here and took up her abode in the home of her mother in what is now known as the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, 412 West Montecito Street. Since she had been associated with historical societies in the east, she inquired regarding membership in the Santa Barbara Historical Association and becoming active in its program. The Articles of the Association were changed to provide for individual memberships. As a result, the membership of the Society was increased, and acquisition of library material and artifacts was accelerated.

At a meeting March 23, 1943, a study of the Society's incorporation was made, and the group authorized a committee to prepare the necessary papers. On April 20, 1943, at a special meeting of the members of the Santa Barbara Historical Association, it was voted that the tentative Articles of Incorporation be adopted and that the organization be incorporated. All assets were to be turned over to the new corporation.

The following persons were elected as Directors, and signed as the

incorporators, June 7, 1943: Sallie Corning Black, Mabel S. Erwin, Katharine Bagg Hastings, D. Mackenzie Brown, William H. Ellison, Donald J. Bear, Barbara S. Whittaker, Mildred L. Williamson, Fred H. Schauer, Paul G. Sweetser, Arthur S. Coggeshall and Fr. Eric O'Brien, O.F.M.

At the first meeting, June 21, 1943, of the Board of Directors, they adopted By-Laws which served the corporation for many years. They also elected the first officers of the corporation: Paul G. Sweetser, President; Fred H. Schauer, Vice-President, and Mrs. Katharine Bagg Hastings, Secretary-Treasurer.

Since the incorporation the following persons have served as president:

Paul G. Sweetser, from June, 1943 to January, 1945.

Dr. D. Mackenzie Brown, for the year 1945.

Dr. William H. Ellison for the years 1946 and 1947.

Mr. T. Wilson Dibblee for the years 1948 and 1949.

Mr. Howard W. Rowe for the year 1950.

Mr. Francis Price from November 12, 1952 to January, 1956.

Mr. E.S. Conner for the years 1956 and 1957.

Mr. Thomas J. McDermott for the years 1958, 1959 and 1960.

Our present President, Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod, was elected in January, 1961. [This was written in the Spring, 1962.]

No annual meetings were held in 1951 and 1952, and no successor to Mr. Rowe was elected when he resigned as City librarian and left Santa Barbara. Mr. Hugh J. Weldon, who had served as Vice-President in several administrations, performed the duties of the office from January, 1951 to November 12, 1952.

The original purposes of the Society and the Articles of Incorporation had set forth the aims of the Society in almost identical language. Because the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History had an established program of research into the life of prehistoric peoples here, it was determined that the Historical Society would confine itself to the period covering the first coming of the Europeans to this area.

Mrs. Hastings, who was most instrumental in expanding the Society's membership among persons of similar interest, was largely responsible for the Society's fine collection of genealogical material and of many important volumes forming the nucleus of the Society's present library. She also assisted in acquisition of the Alpheus Thompson papers and related materials through the bequest of Mrs. Mildred Lacy Williamson.

The museum in the tower room gradually was filled with many artifacts, and was kept open to some extent through the assistance of volunteers from the Native Daughters of the Golden West and Daughters of the American Revolution. It was visited by many local and out-of-town people. As the collection grew, materials were also stored in the Court House basement, the Public Library, the home of Miss Mason and Mrs. Hastings, and later in the Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

The "tower room" as a meeting place was difficult of access to many of the Society's members, and no other room was available at the Court House. After its incorporation, the general headquarters of the Society

came to be established in Mrs. Hastings' Trussell-Winchester adobe home. Meetings of the Board of Directors were held there, and also in the conference room of the Public Library. Annual meetings and social events were held for a number of years at the offices of the Santa Barbara Foundation in the Hill-Carrillo adobe, but the Society was without a home.

Shortly after the formation of the corporation, Mrs. Hastings suggested to the officers that she might be willing to donate the Trussell-Winchester property to the Society if the little adobe home were preserved, and if she retained the right to its use and occupancy during her lifetime.

When Mr. T. Wilson Dibblee came into office in 1948, he became extremely interested in building a home for the organization on her property. Some preliminary plans were drawn up and discussed at several Board meetings, but no further action was ever taken. The principal problem was raising the funds, to which no satisfactory solution presented itself.

The Trussell-Winchester adobe became the property of the Society after Mrs. Hastings' death in 1955, but still the Society had no adequate headquarters. The Society continued to function through the years, maintaining its program of occasional exhibits, social events and public lectures, meeting as necessary in the Trussell-Winchester adobe, the Hill-Carrillo adobe or public buildings. For a time after President Rowe's departure from Santa Barbara in 1950, interest in the organization lagged, and it was difficult to secure a forum for Directors' meetings.

In 1952 some members of the organization asked Mr. Francis Price to take over leadership of the Society. At a special meeting of the Board of Directors November 12, 1952, he was elected president. He came to the office with a remarkable background of knowledge of both the language and the history of the first European settlers in the area. He also had a long record of service to the community.

Immediately upon taking office, he made a careful appraisal of the Society's needs. He realized that if the Society were to develop, it must have adequate quarters. He began negotiations with the Franciscan Fathers at the Old Mission, and through them with officers of the province, to use a portion of the Mission cloister as the Society's office and museum.

On January 20, 1954, the Board of Directors authorized the President and Secretary to sign a license agreement with the Franciscan authorities for occupancy and alteration of the Mission premises. An appropriation was secured from the Santa Barbara Foundation to enable the Society to properly alter and equip the new quarters, and work was begun under the direction of Mr. Elmer H. Whittaker. The Society was able to move into its quarters in the Old Mission and to have its first exhibit there May 21, 1954.

At the annual meeting of the Society January 12, 1948, Mr. Edwin Gledhill had been elected a member of the Board of Directors. He and his wife, Andriette, had been close friends of Mrs. Hastings, and they became greatly interested in the Society's activities and acquisitions. Mr. Gledhill gave many hours of his time to classification and preservation of the materials. On July 16, 1953, the Board of Directors named Mr. Gledhill as

Curator. This title subsequently was changed to that of Museum Director, and Mrs. Gledhill became known as Curator.

From the time of his appointment as Curator to the present, Mr. Gledhill has dedicated his whole life to the Society, and through his efforts and those of his wife, the Society's collection of historic artifacts and source materials has continued to grow. The Society has maintained an almost continuous historic exhibit. It has been changed from time to time and frequently has been augmented by the loan of valuable possessions of residents.

The arrangement by which the Society has occupied quarters in the Old Mission has been most satisfactory. The Society has grown in membership and has taken its proper place in the community and among other historical societies. However, since both organizations need more space, serious thought has been given to our Society's needs, and plans have been formulated for a ninety-nine-year lease to be signed with the County of Santa Barbara covering property at the corner of De la Guerra and Santa Barbara Streets, known as Recinto Stanwood, and plans have been adopted for erection of a building thereon for the Historical Society. [This was in 1962.]

Thus far the Society has passed through three distinct phases: First, the period from its organization as a voluntary society down to its incorporation. Second, the period of its development from the date of its incorporation to its occupancy of quarters in the Old Mission, and in the third place, its rapid growth while maintaining headquarters there.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society now begins a fourth period in its history and looks forward to further growth in all aspects of its program.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1962-1982

By Jean Storke Menzies

This article will continue Paul Sweetser's history of the Santa Barbara Historical Society up to the year 1982.

Fifty years is not a long time as history goes. But in this relatively short time the Society has grown from a small local association of dedicated volunteers to a membership organization of 1200 with a professional staff, a Board of Directors, and scores of volunteers who support its ever-expanding activities.

A significant milestone in the Society's development took place on March 5, 1962, and marked the beginning of the fourth period in its history, as predicted in Mr. Sweetser's account. Between then and February 28, 1965, when the new building was dedicated, the primary purpose of the Board of Directors was to secure the necessary funding for a permanent home.

Details of the drive, the dedication and the first anniversary ceremony are given elsewhere in this issue. It had been a stupendous undertaking. With

the strong support of the community and the Santa Barbara News-Press, a few large bequests, and much hard work on the part of the campaign fund-raising committee, chaired by Mrs. Wilson Forbes, the goal was reached and the permanent museum and headquarters became a reality.

Notwithstanding this great effort, the Society continued its goals of collecting and exhibiting historic materials, of encouraging research in local history and of participating in historical preservation in Santa Barbara, under the leadership of Museum Director W. Edwin Gledhill and a foresighted Board of Directors.

In 1962 the Society was recognized nationally when it received the Award of Merit from the Association for State and Local History, Buffalo, New York. Other honors in later years included a Certificate of Commendation, Department of Defense, Office of Civil Defense, for providing fallout shelter facilities, 1966; Certificate of Good Standing, issued annually by the American Association for State and Local History; the Western Book Award—1968, Rounce and Coffin Club, for *On Santa Cruz Island,* written by Clifford McElrath, published by the Society in 1967, and a Resolution of Thanks and Appreciation for hosting the Conference of California Historical Societies in 1981.

As the Society's interests broadened and became more widely known, an increasing number of family heirlooms were donated. Among them were portraits representing prominent Santa Barbara families, photographs of local interest and manuscripts and documents relating to the community's history.

An unique contribution came from Mrs. Melville Sahyun (Geraldine), who donated many hours of time and knowledge in translating early archival records written in old Spanish for use in the new research library.

In 1964 when the new building was nearing completion, the staff and volunteers spent many hours preparing for the move from the Old Mission headquarters to the new premises. Much of the responsibility for this fell on the shoulders of the Curator, Andriette Gledhill, and the Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Griffiths (Sylvia).

After that move Mrs. Griffiths was named Executive Secretary, remaining on the Board as Treasurer. Edward Selden Spaulding continued as Editor-in-Chief of *Noticias,* the Society's quarterly.

It was a day for rejoicing when the grand opening of the handsome new building took place on February 28, 1965, with the official dedication. At last there was adequate space for the care and preservation of the Society's ever-increasing holdings; for exhibits, and for the new reference and research library, not to mention office space for the staff and for meetings of the Board. While the annual luncheon meetings for members, featuring noted speakers still were held at a club or restaurant for several years, teas and other special events took place in the exhibit rooms of the Museum or out in the patio, and drew large attendance, as they do today.

Two staff changes took place in 1966. Mr. Spaulding stepped down as editor of *Noticias* and was elected First Vice President of the Board at the annual meeting in January, 1966. At the same meeting Mr. Gledhill's resignation was announced, effective July 1st, when he was to become

President of the Conference of California Historical Societies. In his report as President, Dr. Koefod told members of the Society that the new library would henceforth be known as the Gledhill Library, in recognition of the work done by Edwin Gledhill and his wife, Andriette, for the past 18 years, as volunteer Director and Curator. Later, in 1969, Mr. Robert Gates was appointed Librarian and Archivist.

Mr. Gledhill was succeeded by Mr. Timothy S. Hillebrand of the Graduate School of Anthropology, University of California at Santa Barbara, with the title of Assistant Director of the Museum, later Acting Museum Director, and in 1967, Curator of Education. At that time he contributed an interesting (in view of this year's Bicentennial of the founding of the Royal Presidio) article in the Autumn issue of *Noticias*, entitled, "Tentative Summary of Archaeoogical Findings at the Presidio Chapel Site."

The Society in cooperation with the University of California at Santa Barbara Department of Archaeology had been excavating the Presidio Chapel site for the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, until funds ran out.

As Acting Museum Director, Mr. Hillebrand designated a master plan for the Society with the object of building a strong organization based on community support. This included the cataloging and identification of all the Museum's collections and the reorganization of the Gledhill Library into a Library of Congress system. UCSB students were employed under the work-study program. Under his direction, the Museum opened to the public a new exhibit, the Alexander Harmer Exhibition, the first major exhibition change in two years.

In July, 1967, Mr. Sweetser, then Secretary of the Board, was unexpectedly presented with three resignations, from Dr. Koefod, President; Mr. Spaulding, First Vice President, and R. Lockwood Tower, Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mrs. Wilson Forbes, as Second Vice President, automatically became President, serving until the annual election the following year, when Mr. Sweetser was elected to succeed her. This was his third term as President. He remained as President until 1970 when Mr. Francis Price, Jr., was elected.

The following is a list of presidents since the move to the new building:

1961-July, 1967, Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod.

July to December, 1967, Mrs. Wilson Forbes.

1968-69 , Mr. Paul G. Sweetser.

1970-76, Mr. Francis Price, Jr.

1977-78, Mr. Patrick Lloyd-Butler.

1979-1982, Mr. Gene Harris.

When President Sweetser resumed his leadership of the Board, Mrs. Griffiths was named Acting Museum Director, a salaried position, requiring her to resign as Executive Secretary and Treasurer. The position was available since Mr. Hillebrand had resigned to join the faculty of Occidental College.

When Mr. Spaulding officially gave up the editorship of *Noticias*, he left enough material for the staff to continue the publications for the next two

years, until a successor could be found. This was Courtenay Monsen, whose wide knowledge of Santa Barbara and California history enabled the quarterly publication to be continued under the high standards set by its predecessors, Mrs. George Finley (Wilberta) and Mr. Spaulding. He also became Curator of Education. As such, he was coordinator of a project which the Society had undertaken in cooperation with the Junior League of Santa Barbara, a program designed to make the Museum meaningful to children of the area. It eventually led to the Society's permanent program of volunteer docents for children and adults.

Since the completion of the new building, the Society has been able to publish several volumes of regional interest. The year 1967 was marked by the publication of *On Santa Cruz Island*, by Clifford McElrath, illustrated by John Gorham, and published for the Society by Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles. An autograph party and barbecue honoring the author was a membership event on October 14th.

In the summer of 1969 Mrs. Griffiths became the Society's Museum Director. By this time the Society owned and operated two Museum complexes. One was the headquarters building at 136 East De la Guerra Street, with two small adobes nearby. The second museum complex consisted of two buildings located at 412 West Montecito Street and known as the Trussell-Winchester Adobe and the Fernald House, maintained by the Society's Women's Projects Committee.

In September, under the direction of Board member Colonel Henry de B. Forbes, Jr., USAF (ret.), the Society completed its long-term project of strengthening and improving the Covarrubias Adobe, which had proved indispensable as an auditorium for lectures sponsored by the Society, and other activities, as well as headquarters for the Education Department, since the main building had no auditorium. The Covarrubias and Historic Adobes had been acquired in 1964 from the Rancheros Visitadores, which still makes its headquarters in the latter, on Museum property.

In 1970 a bronze Plaque in memory of Edward Borein, Santa Barbara's famous cowboy-artist, was unveiled at his former studio in El Paseo. The Society owns many of his paintings and etchings as well as memorabilia.

On the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the dedication of the Museum building, the Board of Directors on February 28, 1971, gave a reception introducing the Society's newest publication, *The Private Journal of Louis McLane, USN—1844-48*. Published in a limited edition, it was edited by Jay Monaghan and illustrated by Russell A. Ruiz.

Members had an opportunity to "relive history" at a Society social event with the reenactment of the wedding of Ana Maria de la Guerra to Alfred Robinson which had taken place in the Santa Barbara Mission in January of 1836, with a reception in the de la Guerra family home. Over 300 members witnessed the "wedding" on July 30, 1972, which had been organized by a special committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edwin Deuter, and was held in the Museum patio.

The 1970s were relatively quiet years for the Society, saddened by the loss of several devoted contributors to the organization's development: Thomas More Storke died in 1971, and Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod in 1974. The deaths of

W. Edwin Gledhill, Director Emeritus, and Courtenay Monsen occurred in 1976, and of Paul G. Sweetser in 1977. Andriette Gledhill and Francis Price, Jr., died in 1979.

Publications continued to be produced by the organization. In 1977 the Society published *The Huse Journal—Santa Barbara in the 1850s*, by Charles Enoch Huse, translated from Spanish by Francis Price, Sr., former president, and edited by Edith Bond Conkey, a member of the Board and Chairman of the Library Committee. It was the second in a series of six publications by Santa Barbara non-profit organizations in memory of Thomas More Storke (1876-1971), News-Press publisher and a strong supporter of the Society, and in commemoration of the Bicentennial of the United States of America (1776-1976). The series, not yet completed, is under the editorship of Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., USC historian and President of the Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library.

An exhibition of 15 paintings by Theresa Potter, depicting the Juan Bautista de Anza Expedition in 1775-76, was opened to the public by the Society April 18, 1978, with a preview for members two days earlier, when the artist was present. The affair was held in celebration of the 196th anniversary of the founding of the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara.

A new publication was announced in the winter of 1979: the 64-page, magazine-size book, *Survivors*. It was edited by Virginia D'Alfonso; Barbara Schneidau was coordinator of research; William B. Dewey took the photographs, and Keith Gledhill represented the Society in the preparation of the book. Walker Tompkins, well-known writer of local history, and a member of the Society's Board, contributed an article to this photographic tribute to the remaining Victorian homes in central Santa Barbara.

Another small publication, matching the *Noticias* format, was an *Index to Noticias* (1955-80), compiled by Margaret Neeld Coons, volunteer to the Gledhill Library.

The Library has been particularly useful in recent years. In 1981 Dr. Miller reported providing source materials for 50 students who were writing papers for the County Schools History Fair held in the previous spring, and the research for a similar project continued in 1982.

Mike Redmon became a new member of the staff, with experience in Oral History work, a new project announced in 1981, and conducted by Dr. Marian Ashby Johnson. He will perform a wide variety of duties at the Museum.

In conclusion, in light of the Society's achievements during the past 50 years, it seems safe to feel secure about the future. Edwin Gledhill wrote an article on this subject for *Noticias* in 1962 (Supplement to the Spring issue). Much of what he envisioned has come to pass. The Society has fulfilled the five purposes as set forth in the original Articles of Incorporation 30 years previously. It operates an extensive program for its membership and for the public. Its collections cover a wide range of historic material. The reference library and archives are open to scholars and researchers, who make good use of the materials available .

An early president (1945), Dr. D. Mackenzie Brown, UCSB Professor of

Political History, used many of the letters and papers relating to the coming of the Americans as research material for his book, *China Trade Days.* Books, in addition to those already mentioned, published by the Society, are: *Hope Ranch, A Rambling Record,* by Harold Chase (1963), and *A Brief Story of Santa Barbara,* by Edward Selden Spaulding (1963), which he dedicated to Hilmar Koefod.

All those who make up the Santa Barbara Historical Society, the Board of Directors, the Staff, the Volunteers, and the Members who help finance the organization, can surely look forward to the future with every confidence.

THE MUSEUM BUILDING

By Geraldine V. Sahyun

In the heart of the historic area known as *El Pueblo Viejo*, the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum stands on a site bordering that of the original Royal Presidio founded by Spain in 1782, the last Spanish military installation in the western hemisphere. This historic property belongs to the County of Santa Barbara—preserved through the interest of long-time Supervisor Samuel J. Stanwood—and with the cooperation of the Board of Supervisors, especially Chairman Joseph Callahan, the Society negotiated a 99-year lease for its use.

Handsome and distinctive, this museum is not just a fine building housing beautiful and interesting exhibits and serving as a center for a variety of programs. It has a life of its own, which is readily felt within its walls. Truly indigenous, springing from the soil on which it stands, it partakes of something of the life and spirit of each of those who dreamed and worked with dedication through the years to create and care for a fitting home for the treasures which were a vital part of the people who owned and gave them, and of the times in which they lived—a heritage to be preserved for the future. For them Robert Ingle Hoyt designed a significant landmark.

In the winter of 1965, Edward Selden Spaulding, then editor of *Noticias*, told the story of the building so well that it is herewith reprinted in part for the benefit of those who may not have read it earlier. This contemporary account, with its illustrations and interesting sidelights, presents the best possible picture of the problems and progress of the project and of its special features.

During the ensuing years, the Society has made every effort to carry on in the same spirit and to maintain the building in the best possible condition. In conforming to new requirements or to add new features, such as the improved lighting system, installed in 1980, great care has been taken not to detract from the overall design and to maintain its beauty while still keeping it functional and available to an ever-increasing number of visitors and a broadening scope of programs.

The Santa Barbara Garden Club generously re-landscaped the grounds in 1981, with the same care and charming authenticity as before, providing a delightful setting for many Society and community events.

We have been most fortunate in having able and far-seeing presidents through the years, and equally fortunate in having at the Museum as a continuing guardian and guide our dedicated Executive Director, Mrs. Henry Griffiths, a never-failing source of assistance, advice and encouragement. Under their guidance, and the care of the other staff members aided by much-appreciated volunteers, the Museum has achieved an enviable reputation among other institutions of its kind. It has become a showcase for Santa Barbara, a host to historical organizations and conferences, a point of special interest for tours and tourists in general, and a source of education and recreation for our own citizens. In 1981, more than 76,000 people from a dozen countries visited the Museum.

*OUR NEW HOME**

By Edward Selden Spaulding

In the fall of 1957 the Directors of the Historical Society made a major decision to proceed on a building program, though no site had yet been acquired. Thirty-two years of growth for the Society had gone by, during which the Society had led in the creation of El Pueblo Viejo. In the heart of this historic area was the site of our new home—preserved through the interest of Samuel J. Stanwood, long-time County Supervisor. A 99-year lease was secured through the cooperation of Chairman Joe J. Callahan and other Supervisors.

With the site assured, plans could move forward. A community-wide campaign for capital funds was launched under the general chairmanship of director Don W. Woods and the leadership of Mrs. Wilson Forbes as chairman of the Fund Committee. Numerous individuals and organizations gave the capital fund a good start with generous gifts, as "Founder-Donors."Many others became "Adobe-Donors"—underwriting the campaign by "buying adobe bricks" for the new home. Robert Ingle Hoyt, A.I.A., was engaged to develop initial building plans.

Construction Begins

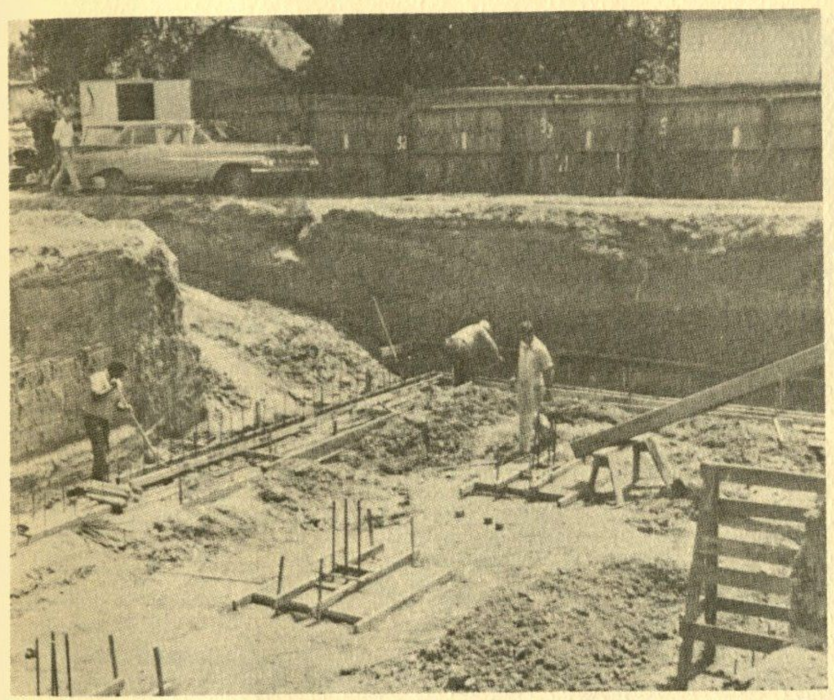
President Hilmar O. Koefod and the Board persuaded Elmer H. Whittaker, for many years a director of the Society, to supervise the actual construction, taking advantage of his long-time background as a building contractor in the area. Dedication ceremonies were held on the new building site August 28, 1962, and on April 7, 1963, because of rain, a symbolic ground-breaking program took place at the Lobero Theatre. Mr. Whittaker called from retirement his former foreman, Albert Ames, and actual contruction got under way.

The Society's headquarters was a project of some dimension—25,000 feet of area on three floors, all to be translated into functional space for museum purposes, and interpreted harmoniously into a setting rich in historic tradition. Multifold problems of design, materials, site adaptability, traffic flow, parking and landscaping could be expected to arise—and did.

Excavation: One of the first steps was excavation for the basement floor, and here arose some unexpected difficulties. In early-day Santa Barbara our new site housed the local gas works. As the bulldozers moved in, they quickly turned up some surprising reminders of this operation—a brick-walled water well which had to be filled; a well area formerly occupied by the gas holder, which called for sinking four pilings to 20-foot depth, earth-filling and compacting; two redwood cisterns (one, 20 feet by 40 feet, the other 30 feet by 40 feet)—and the sludge-filled remains of a reservoir for storage of fuel oil used in oil-gas manufacture. All of the problems were surmounted, but obviously involved some delays and unanticipated costs.

Adobe Brick: Use of adobe brick for exteriors and walls throughout the building seemed essential, both from the view of aesthetics and as an expression of its ties with the past. Fortunately, the adobe soil on site proved suitable for brick-making, so the bricks were moulded on the spot. For additional strength, 10 per cent concrete was mixed with the native

*The complete version of this article can be read in Noticias, Vol. XI, No. 1, Supplement, Winter, 1965, in the Gledhill Library.



Excavation for the Museum S.B. Historical Society

earth. The wall cores and bond beams are of concrete and steel. Walls are sheathed on both sides with the adobe brick veneer to a total average thickness of 24 inches. The bricks are 16 inches long, 8 inches wide and 4 inches thick. Altogether, some 70,000 bricks are used in the structure.

Tile: Roof-tile and tile used for floors and walkways at various points provide another authentic early California note in carrying out the over-all design theme. Tile making is still a handcraft industry in Mexico, and the tile used in our new headquarters are made in several small villages in Baja California, in the Tecate Mountains area. (An old roof tile was sent to Mexico as a pattern.) These tiles supply a rich ornamental element; being hand-shaped and fired, they vary in size and shape—some of the floor tile carry casual handprints of children or workmen, or the foot-tracks of dogs and birds. Roof tile are of the typical Mission tones in color, while the floor tile are of somewhat deeper reddish-brown earthen tint. Floor tile are used in corridor areas, exhibition rooms and the entrance hall. Some 16,000 roof tile and 12,000 floor tile were called for in the construction.

Mr. Whittaker relates one interesting anecdote on his dealings with the tile-makers. It seems that an original order of 15,000 tiles was placed with the Mexican craftsmen. Then ensued a three-month delay—no acknowledgement of the order, and no tile. Investigation revealed that the rather sizable order had so delighted the villagers that it had called for an impromptu *fiesta,* which went on and on. To remedy the situation, the contract was cancelled—and let again, 1,000 tile at a time. Very soon



Adobe brick making. S.B. Historical Society

thereafter, tile shipments were forthcoming.

Beams: Heavy beams of Douglas fir add another distinctive note to the design. These carry the load of the tile roofs with ample tolerance. The beams measure 12 by 18 inches, running from 28 to 30 feet in length—and each weighed just under a ton. Thirty-two of these heavy timbers are used in the structure as bottom cores of the trusses which support the roof.

Doors: The many substantial doors in the museum were made on the premises, including laminating of panels to the basic frames. For some of the principal doors in entrance ways, special veneer paneling was milled to order and laminated on the job. These veneers carry the "river of life" design which traces back to a motif used by the Mission fathers, and was often found on Spanish doors in the old pueblo.

Vault: The massive steel doors to the vault in the west wing of the basement originally served the Loan and Building Association (predecessor to Citizens Savings & Loan Association). They were salvaged by former president of the Society, Francis Price, Sr., when the loan association modernized its premises. After storing the doors for some years, Mr. Whittaker has now built a vault around them in the Society's new home. The vault is ventilated through the central air circulating plant, which is equipped with intercommunication to the general offices, and has modern fire and burglar alarm systems.

Heating and Air Circulation: To supply heat for the building, hot water from a central boiler flows through a grid of half-inch copper pipe built

into the flooring. This radiant floor heating system is controlled thermostatically. Independent of the floor heating, a ventilating system supplies a constant change of tempered air throughout the building.

Fireproof Features: Not only is the museum built ruggedly to stand the test of time, but its design and materials make it highly fireproof. To guard against the hazard of fire in the room contents, an overhead sprinkling system is provided.

Landscaping: Even at this early stage, when many touches are still to be added, it is easy to visualize the museum in its finished form. The massive adobe facade, vistas of lawn, and appropriate tree planting, will give the visitor a delightful first impression. The courtyard, enclosed on three sides with adobe walls and arcaded walkways, with fountain and iron-grilled windows supplying gracious touches, will make a picture reminiscent of Old California at its best. Landscape planning has been generously volunteered by the Santa Barbara Garden Club.

In this short account it has been possible to cover only a few of the structural and design elements which make our new home a place of beauty as well as a functional headquarters. Many minor elements are equally worthy of mention—for example, the use of rubber pads fixed to the underside of the floor joists to give resiliency to the wooden flooring. Perhaps it is enough to say by way of summary that present and future generations of visitors to the museum and staff members who work within its adobe walls, may feel heavily indebted to the many whose thoughts and efforts have combined to produce our new home.

A Few Acknowledgements:

Mention has been made already of several who carried heavy responsibilities in the financing, design and construction phases of the building project. Many others have shared the load. Early stages of the planning took place under the presidency of Thomas J. McDermott, who also served as chairman of the building committee. Others on the building committee were Edwin Gledhill, John Jordano, Jr., Elmer Whittaker and Dr. Irving Wills. The building program has been a continuing concern of President Hilmar O. Koefod and of every board member these past two years. Because of the experience of the staff of the Society during occupancy of rooms in the Old Mission and their survey of important museums and historical societies in California, Museum Director W. Edwin Gledhill, a member of the building committee, was designated to plan the unique, functional interior for the new home. The size and arrangement of each room were carefully thought out for historical society use in consultation with Mrs. Gledhill, Curator, and Mrs. Henry Griffiths, Treasurer. Incidentally, numerous of the fine photographs in this issue came from Director Gledhill's camera.

Getting the new premises ready for the official opening has been a strenuous period. The entire contents of our Old Mission headquarters had to be removed and placed in the museum. And great quantities of museum material, stored at the Glendessary Lane home of the Gledhills had to be hurriedly moved—even though the new museum was not ready for them—an emergency created by the September fire in the mountains behind the city, which threatened Mission Canyon.

In the near future a formal dedication will be held, with Paul G. Sweetser, a former president of the Society, as chairman of the Committee in charge. The event will be under the auspices of the Native Sons (Santa Barbara Parlor, No. 116). Reina del Mar Parlor, No. 126, and Tierra de Oro Parlor, No. 304, of the Native Daughters will assist in the arrangements.

Our new headquarters give visible evidence that the Santa Barbara Historical Society has come of age, and that its supporters have faith in the future as they enlarge the organization's area of service to the community.

*TRUSSELL-WINCHESTER ADOBE AND FERNALD HOUSE**

By Wilberta M. Finley

A history of the Santa Barbara Historical Society would not be complete without mention of one of its important continuing projects—the restoration and preservation of two nineteenth century homes which will be saved from total obliteration, due to the Society's efforts.

The older of the two is the Trussell-Winchester Adobe at 412 West Montecito Street. In 1948 Mrs. John Russell Hastings, the owner, offered it to the Society provided that it be preserved as an historic landmark. Mrs. Hastings died June 2, 1955, bequeathing it to the Society. On October 12, 1957, it became a registered State Historical Landmark, no. 559.

The other home, the many-gabled Victorian mansion built at 422 Santa Barbara Street by Judge Charles Fernald, is a more recent acquisition. When it was threatened with destruction in the Spring of 1959, W. Edwin Gledhill set in motion a campaign to raise money with which to purchase this home, and have it moved to the Hastings property. Contributions were made by many generous members and friends to a "Fernald House Fund," enabling the house to be moved to the present site in August of that same year.

Captain Horatio Gates Trussell, it is said, arrived in Santa Barbara sometime around 1850, on the first steamboat to enter our harbor. Born in Orland, Maine in 1808, he had gone to sea at an early age. He had sailed out of Liverpool in 1837 on the brig "Elizabeth," and had command of several ships later, including the coastal steamer "Sea Bird."

In 1852, Horatio Trussell married Ramona Earys Burke, granddaughter of George Stuart, a mutineer in 1790 of the British H.M.S. "Bounty." Her grandmother, Peggy Stuart, was the daughter of a Tahitian chieftain. Ramona's mother had been brought as a small child to Santa Barbara, where she was raised as a ward of the De la Guerra family.

In 1854 Captain Trussell built a home for his bride, which, at the time of its construction had an unobstructed view of the sea and distant Channel Islands. Incorporated into the Trussell Adobe was much of the timber

*The complete story of these houses and their occupants can be read in *Noticias*, Vol. VIII, No. 1, Supplement, Spring, 1962.



Trussell-Winchester Adobe. S.B. Historical Society

salvaged from the wreckage of the Steamer "Winfield Scott." Several brass thresholds still in use under the old doors also were salvaged by Captain Martin Morse Kimberly from the ship which went aground on Anacapa Island in 1853.

Although the central portion of this home is of adobe brick laid flat sides together, as the Californios built, he made the wings at either end of the wood. The result was a happy blending of Spanish and American styles, with simple, uncluttered lines—a splendid example of this traditional architecture.

In 1869 Captain Trussell sold this home to banker William Herman Eddy, who sold it to Miss Sarah Augusta Winchester, an early-day school teacher, in 1882. It later was acquired by her brother, Dr. Robert Fulton Winchester, and then by his sister, Mrs. Stanley Bagg (Charlotte Winchester).

Katharine Bagg Hastings inherited the Adobe from her mother, Mrs. Bagg. Mrs. Hastings, although educated in California schools, had spent many years in New York City, where her husband was editor of the Herald. She returned to Santa Barbara in 1938, at which time she made extensive improvements in the Adobe, restoring it to its original condition. Upon her return in 1942, she made it her permanent home.

The Fernald House, built by Judge Charles Fernald in the early 1860s for his bride, Miss Hannah Hill Hobbs, is an excellent example of the Victorian architecture introduced to Santa Barbara in the latter part of the last century. It contained 14 rooms, additions being made as the Judge's family increased. When erected, the property encompassed a square block. In spite of the ravages of time, the house remained elegant and dignified behind its sandstone wall and thick screen of ancient trees which Judge Fernald had planted.

Charles Fernald was born in Maine, May 27, 1830. After being apprenticed as a youth to a printer, and after studying law for a while, he decided to go to California during the Gold Rush. He arrived in San Francisco in June, 1849, but was unsuccessful in his search for gold, and returned to San Francisco to study law again and write articles for the *Alta California* and the *Post*.

Burned out by two disastrous fires, he remained in San Francisco only long enough to pass his bar examinations; then, disheartened, he took passage on a ship to return to Maine. Enroute down the coast, when the ship made a stop at Santa Barbara, he visited an old Eastern friend to say goodbye. Soon after his arrival in town, he was offered the position of sheriff. He later served as district attorney, county judge, and mayor, and was admitted to practice in the State Supreme Court and in the Supreme Court of the United States. He died in 1892, and Mrs. Fernald died in 1929. Miss Florence Fernald, the last survivor of five children born to Judge and Mrs. Fernald, lived in the family home until her death in September, 1958, at the age of 91.

After her death, the house was moved to its present site. It has been completely restored, keeping as close to the original plan and decor as was possible. Most of the furniture is that which was purchased by the judge to furnish his new home, although such items as drapes and curtains in the parlor and dining room were given, as was the lovely grand piano, in Miss Florence's Music Room. Oriental rugs, heirloom quilts, a silver tea service, china, and a brass hearth set, are among other generous gifts to the House.



Fernald House. S.B. Historical Society

This is truly a perfect example of the pioneer American period home of the middle 1800s in Santa Barbara. In this home were entertained all of the important visitors to our community.

In January, 1959, a Women's Projects Board was formally organized, its purpose being to work with the Historical Society in the restoration and management of the Trussell-Winchester Adobe and the Fernald House. This group has given many hours and expended a great deal of effort toward the restoration of the old mansion to bring it to some semblance of its former glory. The interior of the house has become a charming, gracious place. With the planting of the garden, now under way, this Victorian house, with its "gingerbread trim," once again is taking its proper place in the community.

ADDITIONAL DEVELOPMENTS AT 412 WEST MONTECITO STREET

By Elisabeth D. Harris and Emily S. Stephens

To continue and expand the preceding article, the following is being presented:

The Fernald House was moved to its present location in 1959 and opened for tours on Easter Sunday, 1962. Restoring the old house was a major undertaking and furnishing it another. Planning, painting, installing fences, walls and gates took foresight and much work. The entire area is now a pleasant, integrated and nostalgic beauty spot. Trees have reached maturity and the huge Sapote—a somewhat rare specimen—graces the courtyard and always interests visitors. The Cynthia Boyd Hollister Memorial Rose Garden has been lovingly cared for and is a small, vibrant addition to the east side of the Adobe.

The original house on the property is the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, which now houses furnishings and mememtoes for the two families who lived longest in the little dwelling. Items belonging to the Trussell family include an old kitchen range, a sea chest and a Spanish chest, a beautiful sofa, rocker, pictures and a sidesaddle. Of special interest is the small old statue of Our Lady of the Kitchen, which came from Spain. Other furnishings were handed down by the Winchester family. A complete and ornate bedroom set graces the only bedroom in the house. It, though probably made in the United States, arrived at Santa Barbara by ship. Both the Trussell and the Winchester pianos are in the house.

A photograph of the great cork oak tree which graced the front yard is always shown to visitors. This tree, grown from an acorn given to Captain Trussell in 1857, is now gone, but one of its offsprings is flourishing beside the back door.

Improvements and repairs to the Adobe have been carried out throughout the years. Under the guidance of Colonel Henry de B. Forbes, a heating system was installed, plumbing repaired and much of the interior of the house painted.



Music Room, Fernald House. S.B. Historical Society

Work on the Fernald House has been more extensive, expensive and continuous. The house suffered considerably in the move when it was cut into three pieces, transported, put together again and made whole. A complete reconstruction was done at that time, but as years passed floors had to be sanded, and fresh paint was needed. The exterior was given its latest and most thorough coat of paint in 1980, when, under the supervision of Dalton Bergan, Chairman of Buildings and Grounds for the Society, all previous coats were removed and a new coat of grey paint highlighted with white was applied.

The Santa Barbara Foundation provided a significant share of the expense for the exterior painting as well as for the interior painting which was undertaken late in 1981. Under the supervision of Glenn Hillebrand the interior of the house was completely refurbished.

When major jobs are completed, minor ones need doing. The Women's Projects Committee from the start has been the backbone, muscle and heart of the entire undertaking. This group not only did a great deal of physical work, but collected objects and decorated the rooms. When the Fernald House was first opened, it was sketchily furnished with some original Fernald furniture, some paintings and furniture from the Historical Society, some loans and many gifts. Among early gifts of importance are two beautiful Waterford crystal chandeliers, one large one in the dining room and a smaller one in the front hall, given by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Greenough. Mrs. Wilson Forbes and Mrs. Edmond Katenkamp purchased drapery material for the windows of the dining room and library. Dr. and Mrs. Irving Wills purchased a grand piano to replace the one belonging to Miss Florence Fernald, who had bequeathed hers to a favorite pupil. Mr.

Cameron Rogers, grandson of Judge and Mrs. Fernald, gave pictures which are scattered throughout the house. An impressive four-poster bed and two marble-topped commodes were presented from the home of Mrs. Fernald's sister, Mrs. Nathan Blanchard, of Santa Paula. One of the most interesting rooms in the house is the children's room, where many dolls, doll furniture and a doll house given by Charlotte Harris Miller, are on display. Not only in this room, where there is a large collection of children's clothing, but throughout the second floor there are many costumes of a bygone era donated by interested Santa Barbarans.

The Fernald House is now as completely furnished as any lived-in home in Santa Barbara, and it is kept up in a way which always brings favorable comment about its charm and homeyness.

Once more we take you outside to the little carriage house, built by Uriah Winchester, father of Dr. Robert F. Winchester, in 1882. This small weathered building was rapidly deteriorating when a movement to restore it was started. In 1973 Dr.Melville Sahyun gave the first donation to stimulate a fund for major improvements. Mr. M. Cameron Conkey was largely responsible for the work done and for getting assistance from local people who contributed money, service, advice and material. The second floor of the structure was improved and modernized so that now a caretaker and gardener lives on the property.

The three somewhat diverse buildings within their secluded setting are now a part of a whole which reflects a long span of time, reaching from the early seafaring days, through the period of growth in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and reaching into the future through preservation of the past.

Tours are conducted by members of the Women's Projects Committee every Sunday from 2 until 4. A small fee is charged which helps maintain the houses. Large tours may be arranged through the Historical Society, and are especially encouraged during the week.

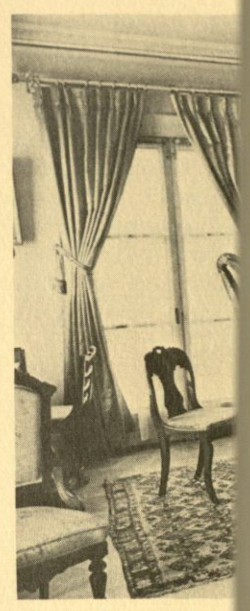
The popularity of the tours is due in large part to the sustained work of the Women's Projects Committee, backed wholeheartedly by the members of the Historical Society and with full cooperation of Mrs. Griffith, who has for many years coordinated the many aspects involved.

THE COVARRUBIAS AND HISTORIC ADOBES

By Virginia D'Alfonso

Sharing the Historical Museum's little park at Santa Barbara and De la Guerra Streets are two venerable structures rich in memories of this area's early life and lore—the Covarrubias and the Historic Adobes.

The Covarrubias Adobe, built in 1817 at 715 Santa Barbara Street, where it now stands, was the gift of onetime Presidio comandante Don Domingo Carrillo to his bride, Concepción Pico. She was the sister of Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California.



Music Room, Ferna

Work on the Fe
continuous. The h
into three pieces,
complete reconstr
had to be sanded,
latest and most
supervision of Da
Society, all previ
highlighted with

The Santa Ba
expense for the e
was undertaken
the interior of th

When major j
Projects Commi
of the entire unc
work, but colle
House was firs
Fernald furnitu
Society, some l
two beautiful V
room and a sma
Greenough. M
drapery materi
Mrs. Irving Wi
Miss Florence

Because of this family connection, it is believed that the Adobe served briefly as the official capital of California when Pico, fleeing Monterey as the Americans approached, sought refuge with his sister in her Santa Barbara home. The California Congress is thought to have met for the last time within its walls.

The Adobe takes its name from José María Covarrubias, who married Domingo Carrillo's daughter, María del Espíritu Santo Carrillo, in 1838 and reared a large family there. Entering politics as Pio Pico's secretary, Covarrubias was one of the signers of the California Constitution of 1849. He achieved national prominence when he delivered California's 1852 electoral college vote for Franklin Pierce and was greeted at the New York docks by the entire membership of Tammany Hall.

Domingo Carrillo died in 1837, but his widow, Doña Concepción, lived on in the adobe, enjoying her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren until her death in 1890. Covarrubias died in 1870, and at his wife's death in 1899, the Adobe passed to their eldest son, Sheriff Nicolás A. Covarrubias, who sold the home in 1907. It had been occupied by the descendants of Domingo Carrillo for 90 years.

The L-shaped Covarrubias Adobe contains many relics of its past, including portraits of Covarrubias and Carrillo family members. Its brief period as the property of Los Rancheros Visitadores is recalled in a lengthy mural sketching their activities, painted by Joe de Young.

The Historical Museum Docents now use the Adobe's 55-foot *sala* for training meetings and slide shows, and the annual meeting of the Historical Society membership is held there.



S.B. Historical Society

Covarrubias Adobe.

Large buttresses have been added to shore up the outside walls, which retain their original adobe construction. The building's heavy exterior doors are carved in the undulating "river of life" pattern favored by Indian workmen of the time, taught by the Mission Fathers.

In 1959 it was designated State Historical Landmark No. 308.

The Historic Adobe is a reconstruction from original material of a residence which reportedly has occupied several different Santa Barbara locations. Its origins are not clearly documented, but the theory is that its components were first used in 1836 to erect a building near the corner of State and Carrillo Streets, also associated with Concepción Pico.

Some accounts say that in the early 1900s this building was moved to Carrillo and Anacapa Streets. The building was taken down again in 1922 and reconstructed at the present location by antiquarian John R. Southworth, author of "Old Adobes of Santa Barbara and Montecito."

Both the Historic Adobe and the Covarrubias Adobe were sold to Rancheros Visitadores organization in 1938, and they saw service as offices of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce from 1941 until 1945. British War Relief also used portions of the buildings during World War II.

The Historic Adobe is a designated landmark of the city.

The Adobes were acquired by the Historical Society in 1964, although Los Rancheros Visitadores still maintain offices in the Historic Adobe. Over the years considerable repair and reinforcement have been necessary to protect and preserve these charming old buildings, surely among the most cherished and historically significant structures in the city today.

ACQUISITIONS AND EXHIBITS

By Nancy De l'Arbre

Since its incorporation in 1943, the Santa Barbara Historical Society has acquired a wealth of material relating to the history of this area. The Society's headquarters at 136 E. De la Guerra Street were built in 1965 to exhibit, as well as to store, these valuable acquisitions.

The Museum was laid out according to a "collecting scope" defined in the early 1950s by Edwin Gledhill, the first Director. It commences with the Spanish landings on California shores, and continues through the Mexican and Early American periods to our present times. This plan continues today as the Museum's guide to collecting, recording and exhibiting of material.

While every acquisition is important, certain ones stand out because of their direct and well documented relation to Santa Barbara. On permanent display, they provide a tangible thread by which to recapture the past.

Commencing in the Spanish Room, one's vision upon entering is dominated by Edwin Deakin's magnificent paintings of the twenty-one Missions as they appeared before their restoration. Painted between 1875 and 1890, they are on permanent loan from the Old Mission. Moving on, one is attracted to the case containing two lovely wedding downs, the one worn by Juanita María Foxen, and the other by Anita De la Guerra. The latter's marriage in 1835 to Alfred Robinson, Santa Barbara agent for the brig "Pilgrim," was immortalized by Richard Henry Dana in his book, *Two Years Before the Mast*. The donor, Father Joseph Thompson, retrieved the De la Guerra gown from the Los Angeles County Museum and returned it to the town where it belongs. Nearby, a portrait of Francis Thompson, master of the "Pilgrim," sheds further light on Dana's famous epic. The heavily embroidered green-fringed shawl behind the gowns was the wedding shawl brought from Manila by Captain Horatio Gates Trussell for his bride, Ramona Earys Burke.



The Spanish room. S.B. Historical Society



De la Guerra wedding gown and Trussell shawl S.B. Historical Society

On the left side of the Spanish Room is a superb Chumash artifact which, due to its unknown age, may or may not be a departure from Gledhill's "collecting scope." It is a soapstone olla unearthed in 1894 by homesteader Joe Hildreth while digging a posthole on his claim in Mono Canyon. Its symmetry and size (sixty-six pounds), make it a remarkable example of Chumash skill. Farther along on the same wall is the painted wooden statue of a saint with right arm missing, thought to have been made about 1790 and to have stood originally in the Presidio Chapel. It was found in the rubble of Our Lady of Sorrows Church after the 1925 earthquake and was the gift of Maria Trussell.

In 1850 an itinerant Italian painter named Leonardo Barbieri set up his easel in the Carrillo's adobe for three months and painted portraits of some of the town's leading citizens. The Historical Society is fortunate to have five of these. Spanish-born José De la Guerra, founder of the family in Santa Barbara, and married to María Antonio Carrillo, may be seen on the left at the far end of the Spanish Room. Having hung for years above the fireplace in the living room of Rancho San Julian, it required the expertise of Helmer Ericson to restore it to its present condition. Nearby is the portrait of lovely Ramona Lorenzano and in the Carrillo Room three more Barbieris: Carlos Antonio Carrillo and his wife, María Josefa Castro, and Joaquín Carrillo. The lovely square piano, circa 1853, was a recent gift from Gladys Q. Knapp, great-granddaughter of Pedro Carrillo and María Josefa Bandini. Not to be overlooked is the great round table in the center

of the room, a gift of the Thompson family, which came from the two-story adobe home of early Santa Barbara's leading Yankee merchant, Alpheus B. Thompson.

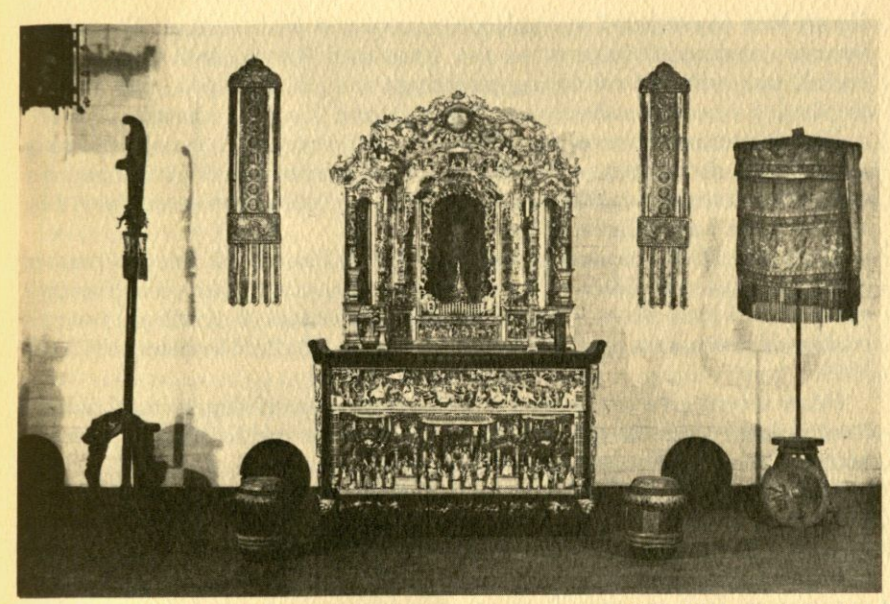
The treasures of the American Room are the Dibblee and Hollister family portraits, the Henry Chapman Ford oils of Winchester Canyon and Gaviota Pass given by Colonel J.J. Hollister, the Alexander Harmer portrait of Rosa Hill Den, and Lorenzo Hatch's painting of his wife, Elizabeth Harrison, in its intricately carved Chinese frame.

Santa Barbara was home to cowboy artist Edward Borein, and it is fitting that his portrait should hang in the Western Room along with a fine display of his etchings and paintings. Dwight Murphy's saddle collection and countless other artifacts relating to horses and cowboys round out this room, including the late Francis (Duke) M. Sedgewick's plaster working model for the equestrian statue in Earl Warren Park.

Due to the lifelong interest of contractor Elmer Whittaker and his wife in the Chinese community of Santa Barbara, the shrine of the Chee Kong Tong has a place among the Museum's permanent exhibits. This secret society was dedicated to the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, and the shrine, carved in China in 1899 and shipped to Santa Barbara that same year and placed in the Joss House, became the focal point of their meetings. The success of the Chinese Revolution in 1911 ended the Tong's reason for existence, and the shrine was neglected. The Whittakers kept an eye on it, however, and when the Museum was being planned, they suggested the addition of a special room, to be built at their expense, in which to house the shrine.



The Western room. S.B. Historical Society



The Chinese shrine. S.B. Historical Society

Prior to 1975, the costume case in the American Room was the only large space where changing displays were possible, and these were limited to gowns and furniture. With the acquisition of blacksmithing tools from the Hendry Brothers' Foundry, which closed in that year, the need for a new type of exhibit space became apparent. Dalton Bergan, a retired engineer and member of the Exhibits Committee, drew a scale floor plan of the Museum, from which it was possible to figure the location and proportions of future exhibit space. The case in the Western Room was the first to be built. Following the display of blacksmithing tools, the space was used for a notable collection of Indian baskets as they might have appeared in the home of Edward Borein; for branding irons, and for nineteenth century carpenters' tools (the Bleakney tool chest with its interesting history was a notable acquisition in 1979).

While the exhibiting of artifacts out of doors is no longer possible due to vandalism, the offer by Klaus Kemp of an enormously heavy stamp mill from the old Castac Mine could not be passed up. Due to its size and weight, it stands inviolable at the end of the patio, evidence of the gold that once was mined on Piru Creek, a part of Santa Barbara County until 1878.

Upon the death of Susan Trenwith in 1976, the Historical Society received her lifelong collection of dolls. Again, a new type of exhibit space was needed, and so the doll cabinet in the American Room was constructed. Due to the large number of dolls (over a thousand), storage space was also needed in the basement, and special closets were built for this purpose.

Within the Museum's adobe walls no arrangement had ever been made for the temporary display of paintings and photographs. In 1976, in order to mount an exhibit of oils depicting the De Anza Expedition, the Exhibits

Committee constructed movable panels covered with burlap. These have become permanent fixtures in the American Room, and have proved useful, not only for exhibiting paintings and photographs, but also for displaying our fine collection of Spanish and Kashmir shawls.

The Museum's extensive collection of gowns and men's clothing displayed in the American Room has always been one of the most popular exhibits. We welcome additions to this category, particularly men's outfits, of which we have relatively few.

The 1981 exhibit of photographs by I.N. Cook and N.H. Reed, reprinted by photographer Bill Dewey, represent just a few of the Historical Society's collection of glass plates, some of the most important of which are portrait studies of prominent residents taken by Edwin Gledhill between 1912 and 1933.

Other recent gifts to the Society include an unusual American Coehorn mortar dated 1865, the gift of George Hazenbush; and furniture, clothing accessories and prints too numerous to mention.

The Museum's policy is to accept only those items which have a documented relation to Santa Barbara County. However, since residents and their possessions are a part of our ongoing history, this policy is open to broad interpretation.

EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

By Virginia Dibblee

The Santa Barbara Historical Society was twenty-two years old before it was able to hold its first major exhibit with a gala reception and tea for its members and the public. This was a particularly happy occasion, for the Society—now at long last— had a "New Home," in the west wing of the Old Mission corridor. There was a very special air of rejoicing as the citizens and officials of Santa Barbara gathered in late May of 1954 to view for the first time the lovely and historic treasures so carefully collected by the Historical Society during the past twenty-two years. An important milestone in the cultural and civic life of Santa Barbara had been reached. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gledhill, Mr. Francis Price, Sr., and officers of the Society were proud hosts for this very special event.

There were important documents and papers, maps, paintings, portraits, etchings and lovely old silver, glass, china, furniture and costumes from bygone days. The tea tables were laden with delicacies, and old friends greeted each other with joy. This "coming out" party was to be the forerunner of many such delightful events held by the Society for the next twenty-eight years to the present day.

The Society, under the careful and devoted supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gledhill, the members of the Board and volunteers, presented special exhibits for Fiesta, with the newly acquired Mission paintings by Edward Deakin as a focal point. There was a special Fiesta party for this event.

For the next eleven years, until the Historical Society had its own museum buildings, it sponsored a series of lecture luncheons or dinners. These were held at either the Garden Room of the Carrillo Hotel or at El Restaurante del Paseo. The community was always invited to participate in these gatherings at which many noted speakers addressed members and guests. These civic affairs were held in celebration of Santa Barbara's birthday, 21st April, 1782, or else to honor the Feast Day of Saint Barbara, December the Fourth.

In 1969 the Historical Society sponsored a free series of Fall and Winter lectures at the Covarrubias Adobe with many interesting speakers knowledgeable on Santa Barbara subjects.

Through the years there have been very special parties and distinguished visitors and groups from the United States to be entertained and escorted on tours with the Historical Society as host.

In July, 1969, a group of visitors, including members of La Asociacion Amigos de Fray Junipero Serra from Petra, Mallorca, Spain, came to Santa Barbara to commemorate the historic trek of Father Junipero Serra and Don Gaspar de Portola 200 years ago as part of the State's offical celebration of its Bicentennial. Preceding a civic dinner, the Board of Directors of the Historical Society held a reception and tea for them.

One of the very earliest functions of the Society, in 1949, was to host a large group of some eighty members of the Southern California Historical Society who had come here to honor the local Historical Society and support its efforts to establish a permanent home here. A large luncheon was given in El Paseo.

Ten years later our Society was host to some 300 members and officials of both Northern and Southern California Historical Societies here in Santa Barbara for a regional meeting.

Mr. Robert R. Garvey, Jr., Executive Director of the National Trust for Historic Preservation of Washington, D.C., came to Santa Barbara in February, 1961, to attend a large California Preservation conference which was co-sponsored by our Santa Barbara Historical Society, the California Historical Society, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the California State Division of Beaches and Parks and other organizations.

Among the many distinguished visitors from abroad were the Prince and Princess Bourbon de Bourbon and their party on an all-day visit to Santa Barbara. They and their party were entertained with a large luncheon at El Paseo, a reception at the Old Mission and a tour of the grounds, tour and ceremony at the Presidio site, and finally the Historical Museum itself.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society became unique among historical groups of the State in mounting three and sometimes more separate exhibitions per year instead of just retaining a permanent, static display. These special exhibits are usually to celebrate Santa Barbara's birthday on April 21st, Fiesta time in August, the Feast of Saint Barbara early in December, and the annual meeting and election of officers in January. Occassionally there may be a special exhibit and party for a very special event, such as the De Anza Trek with a special exhibit of paintings, dedication of the room containing the beautiful golden Chinese Shrine

and unveiling of a plaque in memory of Mr. Elmer Whittaker by Mrs. Whittaker. There have been many more special happenings like these.

At Fiesta time since the present Museum has been in existence, it has become customary to celebrate with an old-fashioned barbecue in the gardens of the Museum and the patio of the Covarrubias Adobe. This is a very popular, happy, lively affair, with the guests arriving in colorful costumes to partake of the feast. The setting of the old magnolia trees, the gaily colored tablecloths, the roses from the Mission rose garden on every table, the happy greetings—and the music and dancing always make for a wonderful prelude to the coming Fiesta.

The next happy gathering of the year is for our annual celebration of St. Barbara's Feast Day—this is our Christmas party with the very special decorations and exhibits. A towering Christmas fir tree in the Carrillo Room is always trimmed with strings of popcorn, strands of paper chains, candles in old-fashioned holders and lovely decorations from another era. The dolls from the Trenwith Collection, and old-fashioned toys, trains and doll furniture evoke wonderful memories of happy Christmases.

The Santa Barbara birthday reception in the Spring always gives an elegant, finishing touch to the week-long civic celebration.

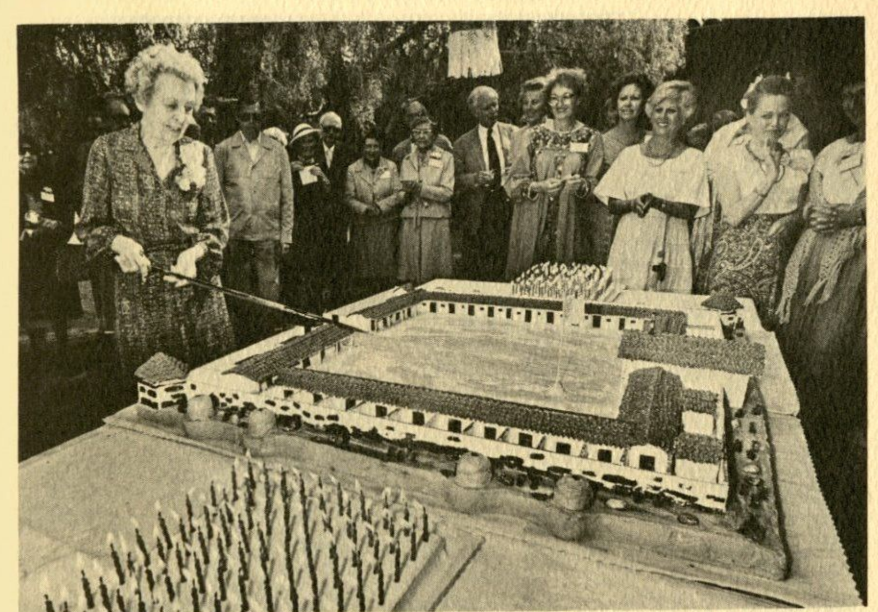
One of the most delightful events presented by the Historical Society was a showing of magnificent historic costumes from its priceless collection. Modeling these beautiful gowns in the Museum patio were lovely ladies of the Society representing seven generations of Santa Barbarans. One of the attractive models further enhanced her beautiful Victorian Period velvet gown and feathered bonnet by leading her little pug dog.

The showing was followed by a reception in the American Roomof the Museum, where delicacies favored by Queen Victoria were served. There was a short musical interlude of period songs by Marie Roche; Mrs. Fred Bergin at the organ provided background music, and Mrs. Henry de Bretton Forbes was the commentator. Mrs. Edwin Deuter was the chairman of this very enjoyable party.

The next milestone event after the May, 1954 opening of the Historical Society's temporary Museum headquarters was the August 28, 1962 evening ceremony dedicating the site on which a handsome and functional permanent Museum headquarters was to be built. Dr. Hilmar O. Koefod, then President of the Society, opened the formal ceremonies. Mr. Paul Sweetser, Founding President of the Society, and then its secretary, was Master of Ceremonies. Clergymen representing the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant faiths participated in the blessing of the ground.

After the program, many guests, City and County officials and members of the Society participated in a delicious, old-time barbecue dinner held in the gardens of Los Adobes de los Rancheros. (It might be of interest to know that the price of this delicious and copious barbecue was a mere $3.50 in contrast to today's prices.)

"February 28, 1965, exactly two and one-half years after the dedication of the site, the completion of the Santa Barbara Historical Society's half-million dollar headquarters building and Museum was joyously celebrated with an invitational program. On the following Tuesday


Mrs. Griffiths cutting Bicentennial cake. S.B. News Press

afternoon it was planned to open the massive carved doors for the first time to the general public." The dedicatory ceremony included remarks by Dr. Hilmar Koefod and an address by Dr. George Hammond, Director of the Bancroft Library at Berkeley.

There was the sealing of the cornerstone and its contents of significant mementoes, described by Father Virgil Cordano of the Old Mission. Officiating in their traditional ceremony were officers of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The Padre Choristers from the Old Mission sang a selection of old California songs. Following this impressive ceremony, there was a reception for the guests, hosted by the Historical Society and the Native Daughters of the Golden West, in the new Museum building. This grand occasion was noted in newspapers from coast to coast. The *New York Times* had a half-page article with pictures of the new Museum building and also photographs showing how the adobe bricks were made.

On Sunday, February 27, 1966, the Board of Directors held a gala celebration of the First Anniversary of the Museum building. This consisted of an afternoon reception in the American Room, a festive speech, "Whither Our Culture?" by Father Stanislaus Aptman, O.F.M. then pastor of Saint Barbara's Parish, the Old Mission, in the Western Room. At 7:30 p.m. there was served in the Spanish Room an early Spanish California dinner, a veritable feast with special delicacies, *dulces,* wines and imported brandies. The old-time menu can be read in the *"recuerdo"* published for the event, on file in the Gledhill Library.

Members of the Ticktockers Club dressed in Spanish costumes assisted in serving. During the meal an orchestra played authentic music of the



The Bicentennial party. S.B. Historical Society

early Spanish California period. Mrs. Wilson Forbes and Mrs. Godwin Pelissero were efficient co-chairmen for this unique event.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society was host to the Southern Symposium of the California Historical Societies February 27 and 28, 1981 at the Miramar Hotel. In recent years members of our Society have enjoyed day-long ocean cruises, trips to nearby historical sites, and a few longer excursions to historical points of interest.

On April 25, 1982, the Society celebrated the 200th anniversary of the founding of the city of Santa Barbara with a reception in the sunny, gaily decorated courtyard of the Museum. Champagne, punch, and a beautiful birthday cake, a replica of the Presidio, were served. Docents conducted tours to the nearby Presidio site now being restored.

This is a rather brief listing of some of the many events and activities sponsored by the Santa Barbara Historical Society—from its early days to the present. It is hoped that perhaps this will show what an important and active role the Society has played in the cultural, civic and social life of our beautiful city by the sea.

THE GLEDHILL LIBRARY

By Robert A. Miller

The Gledhill Library is today a major community research library with more than 5000 books and pamphlets, 12,000 photographs, newspapers, genealogical and name files, documents from Presidio days, letters, diaries, maps, etc., all relating to Santa Barbara and its history. But fifty years ago the Library was only one idea, one need among many in the mind of W. Edwin Gledhill. As is the Museum, the Library is a testimony to Mr. Gledhill, who began assembling materials some fifty years ago. He and his wife gave generously from their own collections to the Society Library, as did Mrs. John R. Hastings. The materials brought together in the early 1940s were originally kept in the Tower Room of the Court House, but when that room was needed for air watches during the second World War, the books were moved to the private homes of the Gledhills, Mrs. Hastings and Elizabeth Mason (who served as curator of the Society until her death in 1953).

In 1954 the books were reassembled in a library room at the Old Mission, where they remained until 1965, when they were moved into the newly constructed Museum building. From the 1940s until 1965 there was a continuing and steady growth as the Gledhills continued to add to the library and encouraged Society members to do likewise. So many persons have contributed gifts and services that it is not feasible to give credit to all. The remarkable feature in the growth of the Society and its Library is that both flourished from the labors of a host of dedicated volunteers and committee members who gave freely of their time and energy. In fact, the Gledhills, who undertook the establishment and development of the Society, were themselves volunteers, unpaid through their many years of service. Acknowledgement was made to the Gledhills for their work when the library was dedicated as the Gledhill Library in February, 1967. The "Shingle" in wrought iron over the Gledhill Library door was the gift of Griffith and Thornburgh, attorneys. It was the work of Joseph Plunkett.

With the library safely moved into the "new Museum," a start was made on the cataloging of the books and on the organization of the other library materials. Until 1969, Mr. and Mrs. I.A. Bonilla were instrumental in the operation of the Library. Mr. Bonilla organized the maps and photographs. Mrs. Bonilla served as reference and research librarian. In 1969 Robert Gates was named librarian and he continued the cataloging of the Library, serving as reference librarian and acting editor of *Noticias* in 1975-77. Dr. Robert A. Miller, who was named librarian in 1977, inherited a well organized library with a record of responsible service to local historians. He has indexed for ready reference the major source materials in the library.

Mr. Dalton Bergan initiated recent improvements in library equipment and furniture. Mrs. Margaret Bennett and Mrs. Lamon Coons are skilled genealogists and reference librarians who currently work with Dr. Miller. Major credit must be given to Mrs. Henry Griffiths, our present Museum Director, for the supervision and creative guidance she has given to the Library for the past twenty years.

As the Society continues to grow and gifts continue to be made, the Library will become an even better, more useful, resource for the research

and study of Santa Barbara history.

Note of the Publications Chairman: Dr. Miller has been much too modest to take credit for his own outstanding job of organizing, indexing and filing which he has accomplished with the volunteer assistance of Mrs. Coons.

NOTICIAS

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Noticias, the quarterly publication of the Santa Barbara Historical Society, has undergone quite an evolution since its inception, Volume I, No. 1, April, 1955, under the presidency of Francis M. Price.

The name, meaning information or news, signified the intent of the four-page brochure—to "impart to the members of your Society and to the interested public, not only news of the doings of the Society, but also something of historical knowledge and information."

Elbert S. Conner was chairman of the publications committee, and Wilberta M. Finley was the editor.

When Selden Spaulding terminated his editorship of *Noticias* in 1958, he gathered together photographs and biographical material of contributors to *Noticias.* He recalled that George Finley, proprietor of the Pacific Coast Publishing Company, contributed significantly to the success of the publication by his careful management of printing details.

The early aim of the brochure was fulfilled in news of the Society's activities and those connected with the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, and the Women's Projects Board. Lists of gifts and loans to the Society publicized the fine acquisitions coming into its possession, and also encouraged other Santa Barbarans to donate or loan material of historical value.

Noticias was recognized as a valuable contribution to California history. The original format of four pages was continued for two years, with occasional short articles presenting information on Santa Barbara topics.

Because of illness in the family, Wilberta Finley could not continue with her outstanding editorship, although she contributed material regarding the Women's Projects Committees and the historic houses on Montecito Street, and later wrote several papers on the Society's development, and contributed lovely sketches.

When Selden Spaulding became editor in 1958, he was able, because of his long-time association with Santa Barbara and his wide acquaintance, to secure manuscripts for *Noticias* which have furnished a valuable source of information about Santa Barbara's early days.

He was such an avid collector of "Santa Barbariana" that he not only edited the informational quarterly, but issued a number of "Occasional papers" and special numbers (some at his own expense), informing readers of unusual local subjects. The art work in some of those issues was superb; some numbers contained reproductions of local artists' works. He also used illustrations from the Society's large photographic collection or private sources to accompany articles appearing in the quarterly. Original

art work by some of Santa Barbara's fine artists have also enhanced the texts.

The current cover arrangement of *Noticias* was instituted with the Winter supplement, 1965, Volume XI, no. 1. The design of the crest was done by John Gorham. As described by Edward Selden Spaulding, "the bell represents the Mission era (approximately 1769-1820); the anchor denotes the period when Santa Barbara's only connection with the outside world was by ship (approximately 1800 to 1870). The bear symbolizes the American period from 1846 to about 1900."

A valuable issue was added to the "special" numbers produced in the past by publication early in 1981 of an index of all volumes, 1955 through 1980, enabling members and researchers to locate easily the many important subjects which have been treated in *Noticias*. This work was compiled by Margaret Neeld Coons and Stella H. Rouse, editor.

Editors of *Noticias* work under direction of a publications committee appointed by the president. They have been Wilberta M. Finley, 1955-57; Edward Selden Spaulding, 1958-68; Courtenay Monsen, 1968-74; Robert Gates (acting editor), 1975-77; and Stella Haverland Rouse since 1977.

THE DOCENTS

By Virginia D'Alfonso

The Historical Museum operated for nearly three years without the services of its volunteer Docents, or Interpreter Guides, as they called themselves until recently. Looking back, it is difficult to see how we managed without them. It is certain that the Historical Society's resources and the visitors' experiences in the Museum have been greatly enriched since the Docents began conducting their explanatory tours in 1968.

The project began to take form in November, 1967, when the Junior League of Santa Barbara entered into an agreement with the Historical Society to sponsor an educational program at the Museum. Julia Forbes, a member of both organizations, performed valuable liaison services in making the arrangements. Betty Giusto, a trained educator, was hired to organize the first class of Guides and to develop material for instructive tours. The majority of trainees in the first class were members of the Junior League.

Since it was in the third and fourth grades that elementary school children were introduced to local history, it was decided that the tours would be planned for those students, who would come to the Museum with their teachers. A narrated film strip, "How History is Revealed Through Things," was produced to serve as an introduction to the Museum exhibits.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Giusto and the Museum's Curator for Education, Tim Hillebrand, the Interpreters soon had their first trainees ready to perform. These first "graduates" and their tours were so warmly received by both teachers and children that it was decided to plan for a

second group of volunteers to be trained in 1970. The Junior League, impressed by the effectiveness of the project, agreed to renew its sponsorship for another two years, underwriting all expenses.

In 1973, regular public tours for adults were added to the Interpreters' repertoire. By then the fledgling guides were ready to operate the program on their own, so the Junior League retired from the scene, proud of having launched one of its most successful and significant projects.

The Docents now conduct an intensive, 21-week training program every other year in order to keep their ranks filled, and, if possible, overflowing. The course consists of reading assignments, weekly (open book) quizzes, lectures, film presentations and field trips. Each trainee is asked to undertake and submit a research project. Classes average 12 to 20 members, who are taught by instructors and lecturers selected from the community and from the ranks of seasoned Docents.

In addition to their tours for school children, the Docents also offer regularly scheduled tours for Museum visitors of all ages on Wednesdays and Sundays at 1:30 p.m. A special tour for visitors in wheelchairs is available on Saturdays, and conventioneers and other groups are accommodated with special scheduling by advance arrangement with the Museum Director.

Not only Museum exhibits but slide shows and visits to downtown historical sites may also be included in the tours. At present the Docents' tour programs include "Way of Life" (in adobe days), "The Presidio," "The Westward Movement" and "A Walking Tour of Early Santa Barbara." Two slide presentations focus on "Adobe Homes" and "Victorian Homes," and other productions include "Early California Music," "Early California Costumes," and "Spanish Colonial Revival Architecture."

Our Docents meet regularly with representatives from the Museum of Art, Botanic Garden, Zoological Gardens and the Museum of Natural History to comprise the Docent League of Santa Barbara, a forum for exchanging ideas on matters of mutual concern.

In 1981 there were 34 Historical Museum Docents on active duty, and a new class of 14 were preparing for assignment. Each new Docent is asked for a service commitment of at least two years.

Our Docents are among the most respected volunteer groups in Santa Barbara. We are proud and grateful for their important contributions to the Society and to the Museum.

THE ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

By Elaine Griscom

In May of 1981 the Museum's Oral History Project got under way with a training seminar conducted by program director Dr. Marian Ashby Johnson. The project deals mainly with 20th century history, and will document Santa Barbara's recent past.

Trained volunteers from the project are being sent into the field to

conduct tape-recorded interviews with people who are an important part of Santa Barbara's recent history. The material gathered is being transcribed on to acid-resistant paper and indexed. These manuscripts will be available in the Gledhill Library to those interested in researching various aspects of local history.

Material collected in the interviews, including photographs and documents, will be used as a basis for special exhibits and other community projects as well as for scholarly research into regional history. Specific categories of material will be published in book and pamphlet form covering areas of general interest such as: families, volunteer organizations, professional groups, local government, cultural institutions, minority groups, neighborhoods, sports, business and industry. Eventually, most of the interviews, accompanied by photographs, will be bound in book form.

Dr. Johnson became involved with the project when Historical Society President Gene Harris heard her speak at an Oral History workshop at the California Historical Societies' Southern Symposium in 1981. Mr. Harris, for some time, had been considering such a program for the Santa Barbara Historical Society.

Both Dr. Johnson and her husband, Dr. G. Wesley Johnson, who is in the history department at UCSB, have extensive backgrounds in oral history, including compiling the history of Phoenix, Arizona.

The expertise of graduate students of public history at UCSB is being used to gather needed information. These student volunteers will put their findings into a publication that will be given to the Santa Barbara Historical Society.

Dr. Johnson's goals for the project include an outreach program that will feature slide shows using materials gathered during interviews. She encourages people to save business records, photographs and documents that may be of importance to Santa Barbara historical research in the future.

An oral history committee provides liaison between the Historical Society board of directors and the Oral History Project. Founding committee members include: Dr. J. Walter Collinge, Chairman; David Myrick, Patricia Cleek (Mrs. Charles), Walker Tompkins, Virginia Dibblee, Dr. George Frakes (City College), Aida Siff (Mrs. Philip), Mary Louise Days (City of Santa Barbara).

Preliminary trainees completed the first interviews with prominent long-time residents whose reminiscences contributed material of historical significance. Dr. Johnson's able assistant on the Oral History Project, Frances M. Morris, has transcribed the completed tapes.

A new 10-week training seminar is scheduled to begin in the fall of 1982.



Wedding party, Franklin Canyon: Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Moore, Rev. Tubbs, unidentified, Mildred Clark, Ed Moore, Mrs. Clark, Anna Moore, Dixie Moore Alexander, others unidentified.

Carpinteria Valley Historical Society

WERE THEY ONCE CALLED QUABAJAI?

By Travis Hudson*

When Alta California entered the pages of history as a bold new land opened to overland exploration, the Spanish explorers of 1769, like those before and after them, recorded in diaries and maps a host of placenames to identify important mountains and valleys, rivers and springs, and other such features which gave recognition to an otherwise complex landscape. Their emphasis was mainly upon the face of the land and not upon the peoples who inhabited it; reference to specific Indian peoples was made more often than not in terms of a Hispanic place-name. The Chumash were thus known as "the Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel;" the term Chumash was first applied in 1891 by Major John Powell arbitrarily to describe the various Indian peoples speaking a similar language and sharing a similar culture.

Since Powell's time, anthropologists have widely used the term Chumash, and in particular Barbareño to identify the people who once occupied the channel coast from Rincon to near Gaviota. Recently, however, historian Russell Ruiz has employed the term *Quabajai* to refer to the Barbareño Chumash.[1] It is my purpose to examine the origin and original meaning of this term in relationship to the traditional Chumash people of the Santa Barbara area and to answer the question: Were they once called *Quabajai*?

Prior to de Anza's second expedition to California (1775-1776), the term *Quabajai* is unreported in the diaries of early explorers. It is also missing in the diaries and writings afterward. The term is restricted to the diaries of Franciscan priests, Pedro Font and Francisco Garcés, who accompanied de Anza. To understand how the name came about, it is necessary to note certain points about the expedition and the subsequent relationship of these two priests.

After a long trek northward from Mexico, de Anza's party reached Yuma junction on the Colorado River. Here, the two priests parted company,Fort, to continue on with de Anza to establish a colony at San Francisco, while Garcés moved off with his Mohave Indian guides to find a possible route which could serve to link coastal California with far-off New Mexico and to identify and describe the native peoples with an eye turned toward their later conversion.

After nearly a year and several hundreds of miles of walking and riding, the two priests were once again reunited. The date was December 31, 1776 and the place was a Sonoran mission called Tabutama. Garcés, who had already arrived, was busy with the long task of completing the diary of his travels, finishing in January, 1777. Font, however, needed time to convert his short diary kept during his trip into the much fuller account filled with "extension and clarification," to use his own words. He did not finish until May, 1777, some five months later.[2]

Having experienced so much in each other's absence, the two men had much to share. Recognizing their mutual responsibilities, they set to work to produce a joint map of Alta California. Father Garcés described it as follows:

*Curator of Anthropology, Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

placename for Font's *Quabajay*, it must be stressed that Father Font was a serious and dedicated scholar who would not intentionally have invented the term. To judge from it non-Chumash sound patterns, the name *Quabajay* (with various spellings used by these priests) could likely have originated from some other group and was applied by Font to the Chumash. In 1907, Kroeber determined that this was indeed the case. The word *Quabajay*, he wrote, comes from the Mohave term *Kuvahaivima (Kuvahai=Quabajay)*, the name given by these Colorado River Indians to the *Kitanemuk*, a mountain tribe which resided to the northeast of the Chumash. Kroeber went on to add that the Mohave may have called the Chumash *Kwiakhta Hamak-have*, meaning "like Mohaves," for the Mohave erroneously thought the Chumash resembled themselves. Kroeber also noted that Font's *Benyeme* and *Cobaji* were also Mohave names; the former applied to the *Vanyume*, the latter to the *Kawaiisu*.[9]

Kroeber's findings at the turn of the century brings up a most important question: How did Font come to apply a Mohave term for the *Kitanemuk* to the Chumash? The answer is found by tracing the association of Pedro Font and Francisco Garcés, and the diaries they produced.

When Father Garcés parted from Font and de Anza at the Colorado River, he picked up his Mohave guides for the long trek across California's eastern desert to San Gabriel, thence by way of the Tulare Valley back again to the river. The guides selected were well acquainted with much of the route, the Mohave having followed these trails in conducting trade—mentioned by Garcés—with the Chumash, *Kitanemuk* (Tejon Pass area) and Gabrielino (Los Angeles, San Gabriel). The Mohave connection to southern California is reasonably well known.[10]

After leaving the river, Garcés encountered a group he called the *Beñeme* (Font's *Benyeme*, Kroeber's *Vanyume*) "nation," stating that: "This nation is the same as that of San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San Joseph [sic, not San Jose]." In a footnote in Coues' translation, the reference to San Joseph is identified with the San Bernardino area, while Santa Clara Valley is located in Ventura County, both of which were not occupied by the *Vanyume*. The San Bernardino area belonged to the *Luiseño*, a tribe south of the *Vanyume*, while the Santa Clara Valley was occupied by another Shoshonean group, the *Alliklik* (also called *Tataviam*). For anthropologists who have taken a great deal more time to study these people than was possible for Garcés, there is a considerable amount of variation within all of these peoples in terms of language and material culture. But for Garcés there was an important need to categorize and group together these people, and he did so by emphasizing the similarities most apparent to him or as they were expressed to him by his Mohave guides:

> After seeing such a variety of nations and learning about their friendships, wars, and trade . . . it seemed best to me . . . to give separate information about each of these nations, and joining together all the data that I have acquired, to show the connection that some nations have with others.[12]

Garcés categorized these people as nations in the European sense of the

> There accompanies this record a map made by Father Font with the greatest care and while I was at his side so that I might give him, in addition to the data herein, other information that should help to ensure its accuracy. [This map also includes] names of the Indian nations . . . . . . Some of these **areal limits** [for the nations] **are based only on the best judgement that could be made.**[3]

The finished map is of importance here because it identified and located a "nation" known as the *Quabajay (Quabajai)* as occupying the region of present day Santa Barbara. Another people, called the *Benyeme,* were placed in the Ventura area, while to the mountainous north still another group, the *Cobaji,* are shown.[4]

During the actual journey through the Santa Barbara Channel in February of 1776, both Font and de Anza recorded their observations. Neither, however, mentioned the *Quabajai, Beñyeme,* or the *Cobaji.*[5] But when the expedition was completed and Font turned his attention to writing his **expanded** account, he added the following text under the date February 24, 1776:

> The Indians of the Channel are of the *Quabajay* tribe. They and the *Beñeme* have commerce with the Jamajab[Mohave] and others of the Colorado River, with their cuentas [shell money] or beads . . . [6]

Taken at face value, it would appear that the Indians of Santa Barbara were known as *Quabajay* or *Quabajai.* But if this statement is not examined more closely by checking other sources for verification or clarification, unintentional human errors may confront the reader as well as the original author.

Therefore, several historians and anthropologists have sought to verify Font's *"Quabajay."* One obvious method of verification would be the discovery that the Chumash also called themselves *Quabajay*, but such is not the case. Making allowances for the absence of "b" or "v" sounds in Chumash (*Quabajay*), the reader can make his own comparisons. One anthropologist recorded *Wal-wa-ren-na* for the Santa Barbara Indians (which is in error too, since Chumash also lacks the sound of "r"); and island consultants gave *An-a-yá-pa* for the Barbareños and *Mos-tcat* as the name of a mainland group who lived north of Santa Cruz Island at a small harbor. Another anthropologist recorded the name *Kas-swah′* as referring to the Santa Barbara Indians.[7]

John P. Harrington, whose special interest was the Chumash, also made inquiries, and his consultants reported that the people were merely identified in name by that of the town or village in which they resided. Juan de Jesus Justo of Santa Barbara, for example, gave the term *'Alap'syukhtun* to mean the people of *Syukhtun* (Santa Barbara). Those of *Mikiw* (Dos Pueblos) would be called *'Alap'mikiw*, and so on. His other consultants also confirmed this, but one of them (Fernando Librado) added the name *Lulapin* as a general term for all of the people residing along the coast from Point Mugu to Cojo. Others who have reviewed the literature and interviewed local Indian people came up with no additional names.[8]

Although we can find no Chumash counterpart, even as a Chumash

placename for Font's *Quabajay,* it must be stressed that Father Font was a serious and dedicated scholar who would not intentionally have invented the term. To judge from it non-Chumash sound patterns, the name *Quabajay* (with various spellings used by these priests) could likely have originated from some other group and was applied by Font to the Chumash. In 1907, Kroeber determined that this was indeed the case. The word *Quabajay,* he wrote, comes from the Mohave term *Kuvahaivima (Kuvahai=Quabajay),* the name given by these Colorado River Indians to the *Kitanemuk,* a mountain tribe which resided to the northeast of the Chumash. Kroeber went on to add that the Mohave may have called the Chumash *Kwiakhta Hamak-have,* meaning "like Mohaves," for the Mohave erroneously thought the Chumash resembled themselves. Kroeber also noted that Font's *Benyeme* and *Cobaji* were also Mohave names; the former applied to the *Vanyume,* the latter to the *Kawaiisu.*[9]

Kroeber's findings at the turn of the century brings up a most important question: How did Font come to apply a Mohave term for the *Kitanemuk* to the Chumash? The answer is found by tracing the association of Pedro Font and Francisco Garcés, and the diaries they produced.

When Father Garcés parted from Font and de Anza at the Colorado River, he picked up his Mohave guides for the long trek across California's eastern desert to San Gabriel, thence by way of the Tulare Valley back again to the river. The guides selected were well acquainted with much of the route, the Mohave having followed these trails in conducting trade—mentioned by Garcés—with the Chumash, *Kitanemuk* (Tejon Pass area) and Gabrielino (Los Angeles, San Gabriel). The Mohave connection to southern California is reasonably well known.[10]

After leaving the river, Garcés encountered a group he called the *Beñeme* (Font's *Benyeme,* Kroeber's *Vanyume*) "nation," stating that: "This nation is the same as that of San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San Joseph [sic, not San Jose]." In a footnote in Coues' translation, the reference to San Joseph is identified with the San Bernardino area, while Santa Clara Valley is located in Ventura County, both of which were not occupied by the *Vanyume.* The San Bernardino area belonged to the *Luiseño,* a tribe south of the *Vanyume,* while the Santa Clara Valley was occupied by another Shoshonean group, the *Alliklik* (also called *Tataviam*).

For anthropologists who have taken a great deal more time to study these people than was possible for Garcés, there is a considerable amount of variation within all of these peoples in terms of language and material culture. But for Garcés there was an important need to categorize and group together these people, and he did so by emphasizing the similarities most apparent to him or as they were expressed to him by his Mohave guides:

> After seeing such a variety of nations and learning about their friendships, wars, and trade . . . it seemed best to me . . . to give separate information about each of these nations, and joining together all the data that I have acquired, to show the connection that some nations have with others.[12]

Garcés categorized these people as nations in the European sense of the

meaning, and not one based upon California Indian political organization with which he was unfamiliar. Though languages might vary, he assumed a common heritage and name:

> Let it be borne in mind also that in the names I set down there may be variation, seeing that the Indians call by different names one and the same nation, as I have observed in the case of the *Jamajabs* [Mohaves].[13]

Departing Mission San Gabriel with his Mohave and local Indian guides, Garcés headed northwest, but skirted the eastern boundary of the Chumash and entered his *Beñeme* country in the Santa Clara Valley. On April 24, while still in the valley, he wrote the word *Quabajai*, or as he spells it, *Cuabajay*, for the first time:

> The Indians were very affable, and the women cleanlier and neater than any I had seen before of this same Beñeme nation. In the evening **there came two Indians from the north, known to the *Jamajabs*** [Mohave] by the name *Cuabajay*.[14]

The text is important, for it not only tells us that the *Cuabajay* or *Quabajai* resided to the north of the Santa Clara Valley, but also that the name itself was given to Garcés by his Mohave guides, just as Kroeber had independently determined more than a century and a half later.

Garcés moved north out of the valley and soon reached the mountain home of the *Kitanemuk*, his *Cuabajay*, near modern Fort Tejon:

> I arrived at some rancherias of the Cuabajay nation. . . . There is much trading back and forth [between here and the Santa Barbara Channel Indians] **and perhaps these Indians belong to the same nation;** from what I hear, they are similar also in their dress and in the cleanliness of the women.[15]

On May 12 Garcés left the *Kitanemuk* and began his descent out of the mountains toward the San Joaquin Valley, and during this trek came across another people which his Mohave guides called the *Cobaji* [Kroeber's *Kawaiisu*]. These people, he wrote, spoke a different language from the *Quabajais*, as he now spelled the name.[16]

Garcés had recorded the names of Indian "nations" during his travels, while Font had not. Moreover, Garcés did not travel among the Santa Barbara Channel Chumash, but merely speculated that perhaps they belonged to his *Cuabajay* "nation," just as he had done in grouping together several different Shoshonean peoples under the name *Beñeme* "nation." He reasoned the connection on the basis of similarities in material culture in more detail after his trip when he found time to expand his diary during his stay at Tabutama. He supported his assumption:

> The same [connection] is related to me by those [probably Font] who had been on the Canál [Santa Barbara Channel]. The having seen . . . people with the hair crisp and others who have it straight, that also have I seen myself; and the pointing out of their land toward the west would be for the island of Santa Cruz, which lies in this direction, though the discoverers could not discern this and others of the Canál, especially in the fog, as is now also the case. The tents which that relation [Font's diary] says they saw have connection with those

which I saw of sewn tule among the Cobajais [*Cuabajay* or *Cobaji?*], of which I make mention in the Diary.[17]

In January, 1777, Garcés was putting the finishing touches to his diary, and during this critical time he was in the company of none other than Pedro Font, who was just beginning his expanded diary and would not be finished for another five months. Both men we have been told exchanged valuable information; but from Garcés Font received the names and locations of Indian "nations" so that Font could produce their joint map. Font also found time to read the completed diary of Garcés before he was to finish his some five months later; an example of this is an addition Font made to his diary of an event which "... is stated also by Father Garcés in his diary for the 24th of March."[18]

Were the Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel once called *Quabajai*? No. The name is a Mohave term for the *Kitanemuk* given to Garces by his Mohave guides while they were in the Tejon area in April, 1776. As for its application to the Chumash, Garcés speculated that "perhaps these Indians belong to the same nation." Months later when both Garcés and Font worked on their diaries and joint map, Font incorporated the names of Indian "nations" and, in his best judgement, their locations according to Garcés. As would be expected, five months later when Font completed his expanded diary, he also included the name in his section on the Santa Barbara Indians.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Mr. Clifton Smith of our Museum library for his important service in tracking down reference materials, and Mrs. Janice Timbrook for her editorial comments.

REFERENCES

1. Ruiz, Russell, (various articles in) *The Official Santa Barbara Bicentennial Gazette.* Santa Barbara, June M. Simonsen and Associates, 1981, pp. 10, 13, 17, and 27. Although the term *Quabajai* is used today by an Indian organization in Santa Barbara, the context of this paper is to determine whether or not it is applicable to the traditional peoples of the Santa Barbara Channel two centuries ago. The modern use by this Indian organization also comes from Russell Ruiz.
2. Coues, Elliott, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer: The Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garcés.* New York, Francis P. Harper, 1900, pp. xiv, 58 n. 4. Bolton, Herbert, *Font's Complete Diary: A Chronicle of the Founding of San Francisco.* Berkeley, University of California Press, 1933, pp. viii-ix, 533-534.
3. Galvin, John, *A Record of Travels in Arizona and California 1775-1776: Fr. Francisco Garcés.* San Francisco, John Howell, 1965, p. 2. Italics mine.
4. Coues, *op. cit.*, I:frontispiece, 251-252 n. 29. Bolton, Herbert, *Anza's California Expeditions.* 5 vols. Berkeley, University of California Press, 1930, IV, p. 534. Wagner, Henry, *The Cartography of the Northwest Coast of America to the Year 1800.* 2 vols. Berkeley, University of California Press, 1937, II, p. 344.
5. Bolton, *op. cit.*, III, pp. 106-110, 243-246. Teggart, Frederick, "The Anza Expedition of 1775-1776: Diary of Pedro Font. Berkeley, *Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History,* 1913, 3(1), pp. 53, 55.
6. Bolton, *Font's Complete Diary,* p. 250.
7. Heizer, Robert, "California Indian Linguistic Records: The Mission Indian Vocabularies of H.W. Henshaw. Berkeley, *University of California Anthropological Records,* 1955, 15(2), pp. 115, 159.
8. Grant, Campbell, "Chumash: Introduction." In, *Handbook of North American Indians, Vol. 8, California,* ed. by Robert Heizer, pp. 505-508. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1978, pp. 507-508. Harrington, John, *Miscellaneous Chumash Ethnographic Notes.* MS 6017. Washington, D.C.: United States National Anthropological Archives, n.d. Hudson, Travis, *Breath of the Sun: Life in Early California as Told by a Chumash Indian, Fernando Librado to John P. Harrington.* Banning, Malki Museum Press, 1979, p. 169. Kroeber, Alfred, "Shoshonean Dialects of California." Berkeley, *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnography,* 1907, 4(3), pp. 135-136. Kroeber, Alfred, "Handbook of the Indians of California." Washington, D.C., *Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin* 78, 1925, pp. 550-568.
9. Kroeber, *Shoshonean Dialects,* pp. 135-136, *Handbook,* p. 612.
10. Coues, *op. cit.*, pp. xiv, 243, 254, 257 n. 7, 265, 268. Kroeber, *Handbook,* p. 596. Forbes, Jack, *Warriors of the Colorado.* Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965, pp. 80-81. White, Curtis, "Lower Colorado River Area Aboriginal Warfare and Alliance Dynamics." In, " 'Antap: California Indian Political and Economic Organization," ed. by Lowell Bean and Thomas King, pp. 111-136. Ramona, *Ballena Press Anthropological Papers No.* 2, pp. 127-128.
11. Coues, *op. cit.*, pp. 238 n. 11, 240, 240-241 n. 15. Kroeber, *op. cit.*, pp. 613-614, 648.
12. Galvin, *op. cit.*, p. 2.
13. Coues, *op. cit.*, p. 445.
14. Coues, *op. cit.*, p. 269. Galvin, *op. cit.*, p. 44. Boldface mine.
15. Coues, *op. cit.*, p. 278. Galvin, *op. cit.*, pp. 46-47. Boldface mine.
16. Coues, *op. cit.*, 271 n. 12, 304. Bolton, *Anza's California Expeditions,* I, p. 452.
17. Coues, *op. cit.*, pp. 488-489.
18. Coues, *op. cit.*, p. xiv. Bolton, *Font's Complete Diary,* pp. 469, 533-534.

BENJAMIN DAVIESS MOORE

By Henry McLauren Brown[1]

Benjamin Daviess (Ben) Moore, the ancestor of a family of Moores of Carpinteria, was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, in 1810. He attended the U.S. Naval Academy, then resigned and entered the Army as First Lieutenant, Mounted Rangers. He transferred to the First Dragoons, newly organized by Colonel Stephen W. Kearny in 1833, and was promoted to Captain in 1837.

The First Dragoons was a highly disciplined military unit that was sent to the Kansas frontier to pacify the Indians and protect the Santa Fe Trail. It was based at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and Fort Gibson, Oklahoma.

While he was stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Ben married Martha Hughes, daughter of Judge Hughes at Platte City, Missouri, just across the Missouri River from Ft. Leavenworth. They were transferred to Ft. Gibson. Later, on a winter march back to Ft. Leavenworth, Martha and their infant daughter fell sick from exposure and died. Surviving was a small son, Matthew, who went to live with his maternal grandparents in Platte City.

Prior to 1846, the Dragoons ranged over the western states as far as South Pass, Wyoming, and Bent's Fort, Colorado. They were able to keep the Indians pacified and control bands of Texans raiding the Santa Fe Trail. In their march westward in 1846, Privates in the Dragoons were paid $7 monthly; Lieutenants, $20, and Captains, $40.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Captain Moore was the third officer in command under Colonel Kearny, a very able soldier and leader, who had been patrolling the Kansas frontier for ten years before the Mexican war. Captain Moore did not keep a journal or diary that we know of, and all our information regarding his service activities come from secondary sources.

THE MEXICAN WAR

War with Mexico was declared in May, 1846, and Kearny immediately ordered Captain Moore, with three companies, to make a forced march to overtake caravans enroute to Santa Fe, for their protection and to impound any military goods they had. Captain Moore proceeded with his men to Bent's Fort on the Colorado border and awaited the main army. Both Moore on the Trail and Kearny at Leavenworth were struggling with the problem of their volunteer backwoodsmen.

A great throng gathered at Bent's Fort: soldiers, traders, teamsters and Indians. An ailing Susan Magoffin was there with her family's caravan. She wrote in her diary:

> We had Capt. Moore to call this evening. He promises me double protection, as an American citizen and as a Kentuckian; he is from that noble state himself, and even claims a kinship.

(At Bent's Fort they were in Mexican territory. The international boundary was on the 100th meridian at Dodge City.)

> Captain Moore says I can send my mail by Army express. Though I cannot hear from home—I can send letters.

[1] Henry Brown lived in Carpinteria, and was acquainted with many of the persons in this account of the Moore family of Carpinteria, because of his long residence there.



Picture of Carpinterians in Moore file, Ariana Moore seated left, Gideon Franklin seated. Carpinteria Valley Historical Soc.

July 30th. Colonel Kearny has arrived and it seems the world is coming with him. He dispatched Captain Moore ahead for the purpose of repairing fifteen miles of road, called the Raton (Pass).

General Kearny and the Army marched in and occupied Santa Fe unopposed, using peaceful promises and military threats. (Santa Fe had been a Spanish outpost, beyond the perimiter of regular defense, and had been subjected to almost continuous attack or threat from Indian, French, British and finally American forces for 200 years.)

Susan attended the officers' ball, celebrating the occupation of Santa Fe. She was both shocked and pleased by the strange customs where she was the only American lady. The ball was organized by Lieutenant Hammond, Captain Moore's brother-in-law and General Kearny's aide.

Three days later, Kearny took a selected unit (the Army of the West) and made a hasty departure for Albuquerque and Socorro on a forced march to California. With them as guide and interpreter (Indian and Spanish) was the senior figure of the American fur trade, Antoine Robidoux, and also Captain Moore's guide, one of the original Mountain Men, Tom Fitzpatrick. Captain Moore was the second ranking officer.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN MOORE

Below Socorro the Army of the West abandoned their wagons and took to the mountain, crossing to the Gila Valley in Arizona. En route, the soldiers' poor knowledge of horses and mules and how to care for and protect them was costly. Between the Rio Grande and the Gila, in the valley

of the Mimbres, Lieutenant Emory of the Topographical Engineers wrote:

> Oct. 18th. A succession of hills and valleys covered with cedar, live oak and some long leafed pine. We passed at the foot of a formidable bluff or trap, running northwest and southeast, which I named Ben Moore, after my personal friend, the gallant Captain Moore of the First Dragoons.

The qualities of character specifically referred to as gallantry by Lieutenant Emory had been implied by Susan Magoffin and others. Good humor, kindness and generosity that exist in spite of difficult conditions are infectious. For an enterprise of that nature to succeed, we must presume that those qualities were general throughout the ranks.

The army labored through mountains and desert—country that they and their government regarded as having no redeeming features, except that it led to California. In the Mexican settlements they were able to get some half-wild horses to replace their steady losses.

They entered California, and early on December 6th fought the battle of San Pascual. Captain Moore, alone among the officers, had argued against sending out a night reconnaissance:

> . . . any movement would be detected and a surprise would be lost. (And they would lose the only potential advantage they had.)

He hoped to catch them dismounted—away from their horses. "To dismount them is to whip them," is the only direct quotation we have of Captain Moore. He was overruled. Unfortunately a night reconnaissance sent out under Lieutenant Hammond alerted the enemy.

Captain Moore, leading the charge, was the first to contact the enemy. Outnumbered, he was quickly overcome and killed, but his name became a byword to the Californians, "El Valiente Morin."

The Army engaged a larger force of well-mounted Californians in a chaotic charge. They suffered losses of 36 killed or severely wounded, and the entire force of 100 was in imminent danger, but the Californians broke off the engagement. Held under blockade for three days, they eventually were relieved by a force under Commodore Robert F. Stockton from San Diego. The survivors continued to Los Angeles and helped to bring the new order the California.

According to Sadie Hales Johnson, Captain Moore was buried in the Point Loma Cemetery, San Diego, California. The former Fort Moore, near Bunker Hill, Los Angeles, was named for Captain Ben Moore. There is also a monument to him and Lieutenant Hammond in the cemetery at Platte City, Missouri, which I visited in the spring of 1980.

General Kearny had a long career of service to his country, but San Pascual cast a shadow on his record. The Mexican war saw major battles below the Rio Grande, but San Pascual was the most costly battle in the conquest of California.

Lieutenant Emory wrote on December 8:

> The long march of 2000 miles had brought our little command, both officers and men, to know each other well. Community of hardship, dangers, privations, had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss (the dead and wounded) to sink deeply into our memories.

THE MOORE FAMILY OF CARPINTERIA

By Henry McLauren Brown

The orphan son of Captain Benjamin Daviess Moore lived with his maternal grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Hughes in Platte City, Missouri, near Kansas City, Missouri. As a young man he attended the University of North Carolina, joining his cousins, the Franklins and Thurmonds, at the school. There he met his future bride, Mary Helen Webb.

In 1861 all of Matt's class dropped out of college and joined the army on the Southern side. After the war, Matt, like many other North Carolinans, left that state. He returned to Missouri with his bride. Meanwhile, the Franklins and Thurmonds and other relatives started migrating to Carpinteria. Ben Fish, the youngest member of the Carpinteria Fish family, related details of this migration in his 1955 memoirs, and told how tales of California's spectacular phenomena puzzled grandmother Franklin back in North Carolina:

". . . she just wanted to know what made folks tell such awful lies, just because they had been to California.

"The idea that if a California Redwood could be used as a measuring rod, it would be necessary to mark off but sixteen lengths with it in order to measure a mile. What nonsense! Then that one about the high water-falls. Who ever heard of water falling so far? And then about the rock so big that on each of two vertical faces there would be space as large as a hundred sixty-acre farm. Then they were always talking about the climate. Well, what about the climate, anyway? What if it is good? You can't live on it, can you?

"Grandmother Franklin wanted her son Jamie to go to California and find out what was happening to folks out there, and so he did. When he returned to the family acres in eastern North Carolina, where many cousins lived, a large party attended to hear the report.

"It was the same old story. Jamie was as badly taken as the others had been. Knowing their Jamie, what could they do but believe him. All but Grandmother, who was overcome with tears.

" 'Why, Grandmother, what is the matter?' All gathered around to see what terrible thing had happened to Grandmother. As soon as she could regain sufficient poise, she told them, 'My Jamie has learned to lie, too.'

"But the others still believed him, and Carpinteria became a settlement of North Carolina Southerners whose grandchildren and great-grandchildren are there today."

Jesse Franklin, Sr., was a Methodist minister. When he came to Carpinteria and bought a large tract of land above Foothill-Casitas Road, it was predictable that his cousin and closest friend, Matt, would arrive. Matt did come in 1876, and bought a block of good land in the middle of Jesse's property. Later Matt homesteaded the foothills above his farm.

For the Southerners, the Civil War and the later move to Carpinteria was to turn their life style around nearly 180 degrees. That was especially true for Helen Webb Moore. Her family paid a heavy price in giving up its young men to the war, and their large estates were lost in the aftermath. The life style she found in Carpinteria was primitive in comparison, and it stayed that way. Their humble home remained humble because there was

no money to improve it.

Matthew Moore made only a partial adjustment to frontier conditions. He, alone among Carpinteria's pioneers, did not struggle with the soil and climate in an effort to make ends meet. His interests were cultural, and beneficial to his family and the community. He was one of the teachers at the Santa Monica Road School, but that could not have contributed much to the family finances. The primary necessity, providing food for the table, was neglected, and life was hard indeed until the Moore sons were grown enough to farm the land.

Some of the children walked a mile to the Rincon Grammar School, according to Sadie Hales Johnson's account in the *Carpinteria Herald.* Others attended the Santa Monica Grammar School for off-hour tutoring in high school subjects. Only a small private high school was available for higher study, for a short time in the 1890s. Like many other rural children in those days, some of the Moore girls lived in a rooming house in Santa Barbara from Monday through Friday in order to continue their education. At a later time, the boys rode bicycles to Santa Barbara High School, since a horse and wagon trip consumed two hours.

After higher education, when the girls Ariana and Mary Alexander Moore were 18 or 19, they became teachers. Mary Alexander, nicknamed Xan, taught at Punta Gorda, then married Arthur Hammond and lived at Idyllwild. Ariana, who attended the University of California in 1894, became a high school teacher. Benjamin Daviess Moore, after teaching for a while, was in the service during World War I. After his father's death, he farmed in Carpinteria. Mrs. Helen Moore Alexander was a librarian in the Los Angeles Public Library for 22 years, then returned to live on the Moore ranch.

James Lewis Webb Moore was a rancher, and Justice of the Peace in Arroyo Grande. Robert Edward Moore lived on Norfolk Island in the Tasmanian Sea. Subsequently he returned to the Moore ranch and became manager of the Carpinteria Walnut House. Ed Moore had mechanical ability, and both he and Ben Moore made an effort at farming and a variety of occupations, but their tempermental heritage was clearly from their father. All members of the family were characterized by a warm interest in people, slow, measured speech and a courtly manner which reflected their heritage.

Matthew Joseph Moore, the youngest son, was called "the business man of the family," and "the walnut king of Ventura County," but he died during the influenza epidemic, 1918, at the age of thirty-six. He and Webb had been successful farmers in Ventura County. "Joe's" daughter, Mrs. John Moore Daly, still lives in the valley.

Helen Moore was a woman of great spirit. She did her own work in the pioneer manner and reared seven children, and she was no less concerned than Matthew that their children should receive the cultural benefits she and her husband had received. (The immediate presence of more affluent relatives probably played an important role there.)

Matt Moore's scholarly pronouncements and lively wit assured him of an audience at a time when verbal communication and written

correspondence were more highly prized than today. Even the younger generation would linger nearby while he chatted with friends.

THE FISH FAMILY

In 1875, my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fish, were married in the Walker place at the corner of Shepard Mesa Road (her family home). Their home was on their small farm on the west side of Linden Avenue, between 10th and 7th. Henry Fish was the youngest of a poverty-stricken Presbyterian minister in New York State. There it was necessary for affluent relatives to help raise and finance the education of the large family. The young children were loaned out to foster homes. Henry knew the meaning of privation, but he had had a classical education.

Mrs. Juliette Fish had come from a frontier clearing in Wisconsin, where the whole emphasis was on the struggle against the natural environment. But she was educated as a school teacher and had taught for several years. Upon meeting Mrs. Meshak Franklin and Mrs. Ed Thurmond, she said, "I didn't know such beautiful clothes existed." Later she was even more impressed by "Mrs. Moore's beautiful family."

Juliette Fish found very little in common with the Southerners, and discovered that their social circle was hard to enter. The happy exception proved to be Mrs. Moore. There the welcome mat was always out; therefore the Moore family played a vital and continuing role in the Fish family's social life, and one that endures to the present time.

A typical and predictable Sunday of the Fish family was described by Juliette's daughter: "After church, we would have dinner, then while Mother put things in order, Father hitched up the team. He took his seat and kept one hand on the reins while Mother and we six children took our places in the carriage. When everyone was in place, Father would turn to Mother and ask where she would like to go. Her response usually was, 'Oh, I would like to go to Mrs. Moore's.' "

JESSE FRANKLIN, SR.

Jesse Franklin, Sr., and his wife, Belle, came west by the Panama Isthmus, prior to the transcontinental railroad. Upon arriving, Belle found herself pregnant and returned all the way east by way of the newly completed railroad in 1869, to have her baby in a civilized place. She was widowed early in life and retreated from Carpinteria farm life, which horrified her, to Santa Barbara, where she organized a literary club.

SOME KINFOLK

Matthew Moore's lack of "Yankee" drive was apparent in other relatives. Jesse Franklin, Jr., studied the violin for four years in Heidelberg, Germany, and then returned to Carpinteria where he neither played the violin nor farmed effectively.

Gideon Franklin was not entirely of this world. He farmed in between the Moore place and that of his brother, Bernard, but he was not devoted to it. He was also a teacher and a supporter of the Methodist Church. He was most effective at putting his Christian faith into practice as a good neighbor.

C. Bernard Franklin was a practical man. His arrival in Carpinteria

coincided with a severe drouth. No crops were planted, and the livestock were starving. Bern packed his supplies on a horse—they consisted mainly of a sack of dry beans—and with a Mexican neighbor, drove a herd of cattle across the Santa Inez River and into the highest mountains of Santa Barbara County, all in the best vaquero tradition. There they stayed until fall and winter rains started the feed, and the cattle showed some improvement. Sixty years later, Bern could describe his herd in detail.

His ranch in later years reflected his devoted efforts and sound management. His attitude was characteristic of Carpinteria, where attachment to the land went far beyond economic consideration, and where much land is still in the ownership of descendants of the old families.

FRANKLIN CANYON

Gideon and Bern Franklin held campouts that were truly memorable for mixed groups of Carpinteria youth. From the canyon, the boys and girls would hike throughout the area's mountains, usually led by the Moore brothers on hiking and cattle trails that no longer exist. The mountains were more open then from burning and grazing, but the girls learned not to go in Sunday School dresses, as the chaparral quickly demolished them.

At the turn of the century, community picnics in Franklin Canyon were an established institution, and Carpinteria women, trying to outdo themselves and each other in preparing delicious food, became noted for their cooking beyond the bounds of Carpinteria.



Children of Rincon School, c. 1891, including some Moore children.

Carpinteria Valley Historical Soc.

EARLY LIFE

The memory of the hardships of pioneer life probably made it difficult for those of the first and second generations to write of it, and not many memoirs exist today. Helen Moore Alexander was an exception, and she wrote a colorful account in the same direct, forceful way she had of speaking. It is included in this issue of *Noticias*. I had the pleasure of many visits with her and her sister, Miss Ariana, and her brother, Ben Moore, II.

I also heard the recollections of my aunts, Miss Julia Fish and Miss Hester Fish. More recently I had the benefit of the crisp and pertinent obervations of Joan Moore Daly and Geraldine Franklin Dunlop, granddaughter of Jesse Franklin, Sr.

Carpinteria has an agricultural history that is unique. It started as a one-crop economy, lima beans, and later evolved into lemons, which were essentially a one-crop economy.

Perhaps aided by that agricultural unity of purpose, it also seemed to have an unusual social unity. This was evidenced by the community picnics at the beach and in Franklin Canyon, and the activities that centered around the Methodist Church South. Guiding those seemingly impromptu affairs were the Southern families who had come to Carpinteria in the seventies and had brought their traditions and customs with them.

The great majority of the migrating pioneers to Southern California were from populous Northeastern states. But in Carpinteria a large percentage were from the Southern states. The Northerners were used to privation, a severe climate and hard work. The Southerners, who had been born into a life of ease and culture and were supported by slave labor, had a difficult time adjusting to the frontier conditions.

NOTES ABOUT EARLY DAYS IN CARPINTERIA

By Helen Moore Alexander
(May, 1962)

My father, Matthew Joseph Moore, was born in 1840 at a military post in what was then the Cherokee Nation. It became Indian Territory, became Oklahoma, and what the post, Fort Gibson, became I do not know.

Father's father was Captain Benjamin Daviess Moore of the 1st United States Dragoons, and his mother was the daughter of Judge Hughes, who had moved from North Carolina to the "border" state of Missouri with his family at an earlier date. The winter weather at the post was severe, the accommodations poor—so Capt. Moore sent his wife and their two children back to the Missouri family to spend a few months. The trip and exposure were too much for the young wife and she did not survive very long. The little girl also died early. Captain Moore was sent to another post, and later, during the Mexican War, to California where he was killed in the Battle of San Pascual. Father was brought up by his maternal grandfather and in his late 'teens was sent back to the University of North Carolina—then at Chapel Hill. In 1861 he was in his junior year when the Civil War broke out and his entire class left college to join the Southern Army. After the meeting of Grant and Lee, Father went to visit with a college friend, T.S. Webb, (Uncle Shap) in Memphis, Tennessee. There he met, and in 1867, married my mother, Mary Helen Webb.

Mother had grown up (she was born in 1842) in the easy plenty that the young women of the south enjoyed "before the war." Her father owned ten or a dozen servants, and she and her sister had their own maid. Life was easy in those pleasant ante-bellum days, and furnished a poor preparation for what came after.

Father inherited some property in Missouri, so he took his bride there and started the family. Nine years in Missouri were enough, and in 1876 they moved to California. Straight to Carpinteria they came. Father had bought some land from a cousin, homesteaded some hill land in addition, and acquired title to the sixty acres where the family "remains" now live.

There were three children when they reached California. The first had died, but the three were Ariana (6), Benjamin Daviess (4) and Mary Alexander (2). The arrival occurred in the spring of 1876, and in the summer of that same year Helen was born. Afterwards came James Lewis Webb, Robert Edward, and Mat[t]hew Joseph. Two more were born, but did not survive. The seven did, and all grew to a husky maturity. Their records are in the family Bible—one of Father's very early investments.

Father was a man of books and dreams, totally lacking in business acumen—prone to believe that his fellow-man shared his own integrity. The fellow-man was gladly responsive. We were poor—not just in "straitened circumstances," but poor. Our house was a disgraceful old shack thrown together from the remains of an old barn—and added to as the family aggregate increased—by various other shacks that were acquired for next to nothing. The first shelter was supposed to be a very temporary expedient, but we lived in it for 50 years, occasionally papering or whitewashing or renewing certain parts.

Those were pioneering days—the first thirty years or so. There was a well, 60 feet deep, with good water, but for several years there was not even a pump, and two buckets at the ends of a rope over a pulley were raised and lowered by strong-arm method. Sometime in the 1890s a windmill and tank were installed, but there was no running water in the house for far too long a time. Any farmer—in those unmechanized days—knew that the most important consideration was the care of the stock. The horses **must** be cared for. The family could get along on short commons. More winters than one we lived on beans and rice, besides, of course, the milk and eggs provided by the cows and chickens. We never had less than enough to eat, and in the summer there was usually a good garden, but sugar, flour and coffee made up the main grocery list. And we used flour! Six big loaves of bread were baked every other day, besides hot bisquits for breakfast that were a part of any Southerner's religion.

In those early days the best crop to raise in the valley had not been discovered. Various things were tried, but there was no irrigation, and until Henry Lewis found that lima beans grew well here, there was no staple. Everybody tried to raise such hay and grain and fruit as the animals and family needed, but anything else was experimental for a good many years. Then Carpinteria became a bean field after the land was cleared.

Carpinteria was originally a live oak forest, and the noise of the axe was one of the early sounds in our ears. Well I remember gathering wild blackberries among the trees and woodpiles on the land south of what is now Casitas Pass Road. The trees were very beautiful and made excellent fuel when cut, but had no utility other than that. People needed the fuel and needed the land.

The bean fields were lovely, too, and the beans were in demand, so things in general got a bit easier. We children weeded the beans and only occasionally was it necessary to hire extra help. When there was a "hired man," he lived and ate with the family.

We always had cows and chickens, and usually a pig or two. Sometimes there was a butcher in the village who would drive out to the farms with a "meat wagon;" sometimes a fish man would come by. Sometimes a hog would be killed. **That** was a horrible occasion, and I always got as far away from the scene of action as the ranch limits permitted. To this day, I do not eat pork. When company came, we ususally had chicken—and company was fairly frequent. In those ante-motor days there were no baby sitters, and the families moved en masse. There was a lot of room for the children to play out-of-doors and it was a period when they were taught to be obedient, so all were welcome.

Bean harvest—threshing—was a wonderful time. A Spanish Californian named Vicente Astorga (sp?) had a band of horses. The beans had been cut and piled in the field and allowed to get dry. A space in one corner of the field was leveled and smoothed, and a temporary fence, with a gate, placed round it. Vicente would bring his band and keep them in hand outside the corral until a circle of bean vines had been spread around just inside the fence. The circle of vines was about six feet wide and the whole corral some 50 feet or so in diameter. The gate was opened, the horses driven into the

corral, the gate closed, and around and around the horses galloped until that circle of vines, some two feet deep, was broken and flattened to about six inches. Vicente stayed in the middle of the corral on his horse—with a long whip that he used very little, and encouraged the band. His voice would rise above the noise: "Andale caballos, andale!" and the whip would curl out over the horses' backs without touching them. They would snort, throw up their heads and break into a faster lope. Gorgeous to watch.

Sometimes, if Vicente had his band busy somewhere else, the ranch team would be hitched to the spring wagon and driven around the corral, but this was slow work. As the vines were beaten and the pods broken, the beans would fall to the ground. Every little while the top layer of vines would be thrown off with pitchforks and the beans and much trash raked to the middle of the corral into a sizable pile. Then the "fan mill" would move in; one man or boy would shovel the beans into the mill, another would grab the crank, the fans inside would blow away the trash, and the beans would come out into a sack held at the spout. Very dirty work and very hard work. Of course, this system was abandoned as soon as a threshing machine was invented. The early machines were driven by steam, and there was always a danger of fire, but very rarely anything but danger, and the machine would finish in a few hours what had been several days' work. Not nearly as much fun!

In the pre-machine days, the extra men and crews had to be fed by the housewife. Wood stoves, no running water in the house, no ice, making our own butter, baking our own bread and cakes and pies and puddings, as well as doing our own washing and ironing without benefit of electricity, made three girls capable helpers early in the game.

Whatever else we had or did without, whatever crops we raised—the most miserable, the most expensive and the most troublesome—to my mother—was babies. Arriving in the spring of 1876 with three—6, 4 and 2 year old—midsummer brought me. In a makeshift house, no plumbing, no help, no money—the nearest doctor fifteen miles away in Santa Barbara; no transportation except the work horses and farm wagon, having a baby was **no** picnic. In the canyon back of what is now the Fouliard ranch, lived a family named Richardson. There were several lively children and a work-worn pair of parents as poor as we were. I remember still how Mrs. Richardson looked: thin, kindly, capable and a **neighbor**. In those days the word had meaning. Whether she officiated at my birth I do not know, but she brought the next few, I firmly believed, in her checkered apron. When Mother's time drew very near, Father would go over the hill and get Mrs. Richardson, leave her in charge of the household and drive to Santa Barbara to get Dr. Winchester. He would leave word for the doctor and come home; as soon as the doctor **could** come, he would. It must be remembered that in those motorless days it was a two-hour trip to Santa Barbara, and two hours back. Nip and tuck at the best, and the baby was as likely as not to arrive without benefit of the physician. But arrive we did—a relentless march of Moores sapping Mother's strength until the last two little stragglers died, never having lived at all. The rest of us grew up—a vigorous lot in spite of one or two precarious babyhoods. Many and strong,

we played and scrapped our way up, roamed the hills, did countless chores, had no playthings but a little "express" wagon and whatever else we devised.

The livestock on the place, horses, cows and calves, dogs and cats, were variously exasperating and entertaining. The boys would fill the horse trough, go up to the corral—each bestride a horse and gallop hell for leather down to the water bareback. Much fun! Of course there were accidents—cuts and bruises—no breaks that I recall—and everything was taken care of at the house. It was years before a doctor settled in the valley, and first aid was a department of life.

Of course the procession of babies was halted in nature's time, but there was little leisure in Mother's life. Ready-to-wear clothes were a part of the golden future, so Mother and the sewing machine were intimate associates. From the skin out she made our clothes, for boys and girls. Scores of yards of cotton flannel, blue denim, calico and gingham—not to mention ripped-up flour sacks—went into our apparel. The sheaf of Butterick patterns grew with our growth, and nothing was wasted.

And Mother also taught us to read and spell and write before we were allowed to go to school. We all went to Rincon School—a one-room, unfinished house. The rafters and studding were all visible to the naked eye; the water bucket and dipper stood on a small shelf in the corner of the entry. We hung our coats and lunch containers on nails at either side, went into the schoolroom and were **taught**. There was a stove for cold weather, and such sanitation as was consisted of two small buildings—one at each end of the school ground, one for boys and one for girls. Nothing could have been more unmodern than the conditions or the teaching. The conditions were haphazard, but we learned. The teachers boarded in one house or another, and as I recall them, they were all good at their job. Some were lenient, some severe—each saw to it that we behaved and recited and did our work. There was never any question as to homework—it was a regular part of life. There was no organized or supervised play, but we used the noon hour and recess time in playing ball, prisoner's base, run, sheep, run, and sometimes we "square danced" under the big oak trees.

Every now and again a sick relative came to stay. One of my **very** early recollections is of Mother's youngest sister, a thin, pale young woman sitting by the fire with a glass of heavenly yellow stuff in her hand. She gave me a taste. It was egg-nog. How long she was here I do not know, but I remember being lifted up to see her face as she lay in her coffin. California was supposed to hold the answer and the antidote for tuberculosis (called then consumption), and the sufferers came. Father's young cousin was here for several months, and died here. Mother's nephew was here for two periods of months each, then went back to Tennessee and died there. Mother's youngest brother died here after a long and distressing illness. One of the neighboring kin once declared sympathetically that she was going to "organize a society for the preservation of Cousin Helen's relations." But hospitality was a sacred element of the southerner's creed, and welcome and care were freely given. Sometimes the young fry were sent to sleep at a neighbor's.

NEW MEMBERS

ACTIVE

Mrs. N.J. Brossoit
Miss Mary Ann Casey
Degolyer Foundation Library
Mrs. Marcia De Mott
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Gerard
Mr. Robert E. Kallman
Mr. Greg King
Miss Marge Lawrence
Mr. Marc McGinnes
Mrs. Julia P. Meriano
Mrs. Clarence L. Phelps
Mr. Gary Staneff
Mrs. Gary Staneff
Dr. Herald Stendel
Mrs. Herald Stendel
Mrs. Deni Stevenson
Mr. and Mrs. William Villa
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Winters

SUSTAINING

Mrs. Lockwood de Forest
Mr. and Mrs. Bryan G. Gaggs
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Mosher
Mrs. Ruth E. Ridenour
Mrs. Evelyn Studebaker

CONTRIBUTING

Mr. Richard Broder
Mr. John F. Curran
Mr. and Mrs. George Dangerfield
Mrs. Margery W. Dore
Mrs. Ruth Ebenstein
Mr. and Mrs. F.M. Fleming
Mr. and Mrs. Aniello Guglielmo
Mr. and Mrs. E.K. Hartley
Mr. and Mrs. G.B. McReynolds
Mr. and Mrs. Baird Marble
Mr. and Mrs. George Matthaei
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mizerak
Mr. and Mrs. Parker G. Montgomery
Mrs. Frank J. Paiker
Mr. Lewis Nelson Paul
Mr. and Mrs. Kurt F. Pilgram
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Richardson
L.C.D.R. Doug Stouffer
Mr. and Mrs. Russell S. Wenzlau

ASSOCIATE

Mrs. John B.F. Bacon, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip G. Ring
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Willock

FELLOW

Mrs. Ray M. Bowles
Mr. Fiancis Cooke
Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. Fenzi

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. John Bacon, Jr.
Miss Pauline Brockman
Miss Pauline M. Finley
Miss Angela C. Fox
Mrs. Bernard Hoene
Col. H.C. Mitchell
Mr. Joseph Paxton
Mrs. William Porter
Mrs. Wesley Rhodehamel